TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

FEBRUARY, 1956 - 25c

RING-TAILED ROARER!
Rawhide, Nevada, at its Rowdy Rawest!

INDIAN SCOUT FOR CUSTER

Kid Curry's "WILD BUNCH"

Madman of the SUPERSTITIONS

BOWIE - - the Man and the Knife

THE LONGEST STAGE ROUTE IN THE WORLD

THE DAY THE DALTONS DIED
Three Articles on the Daltons!

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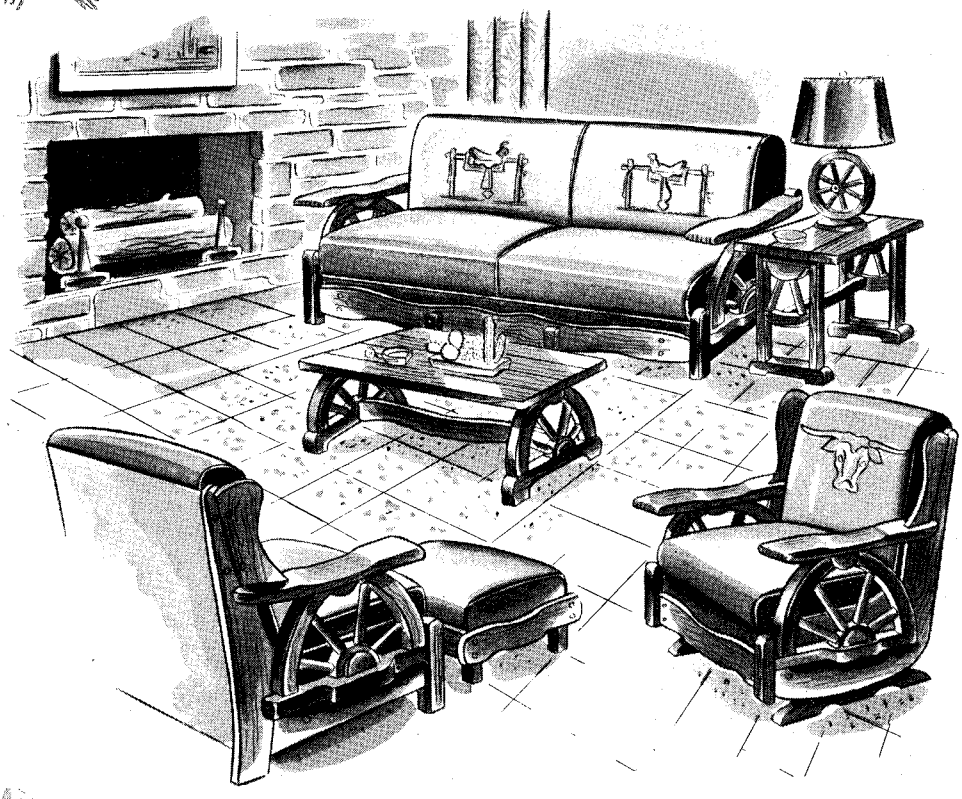

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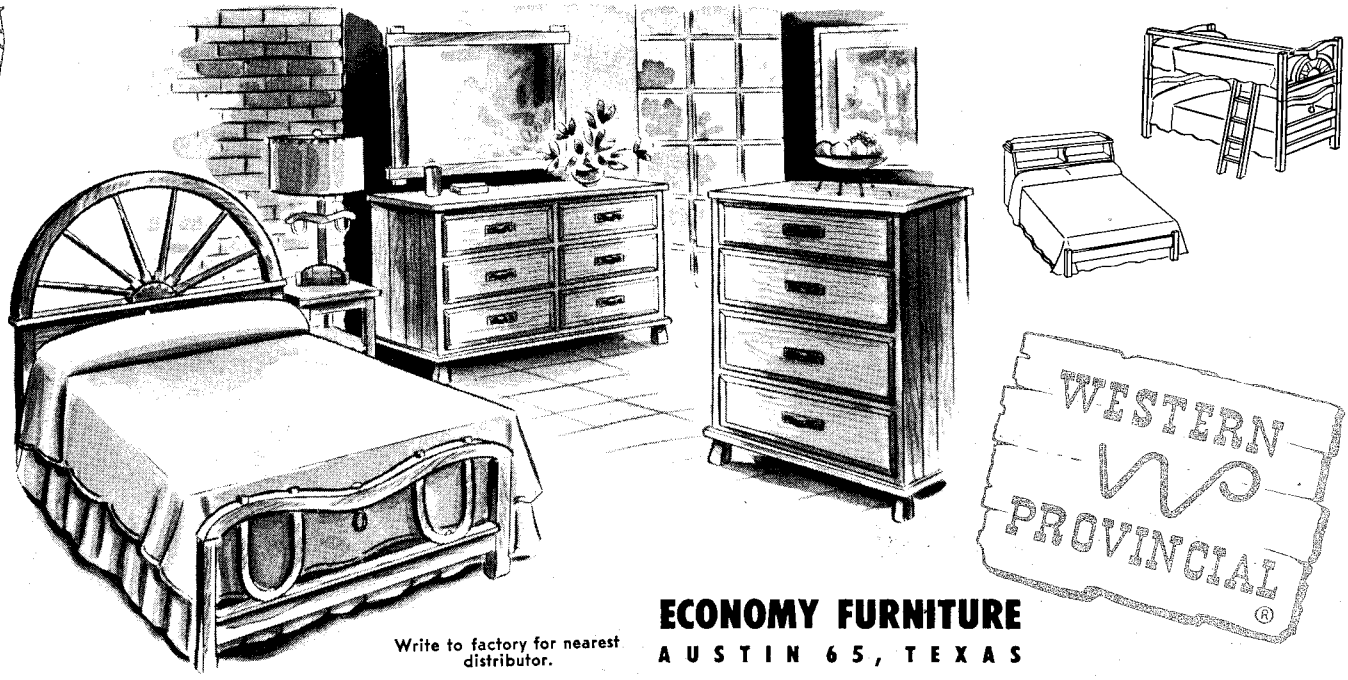

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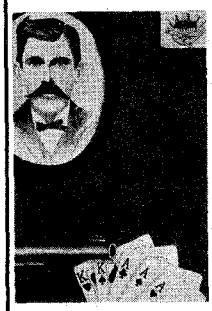

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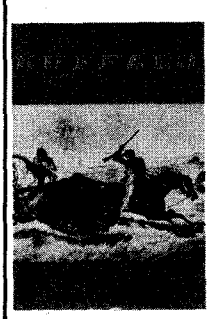

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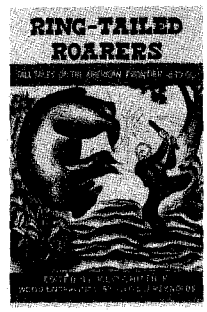

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Coming Up!

THE next issue of TRUE WEST, in the unanimous opinion of the staff from Joe right on down, is one of the most varied and interesting numbers we have ever printed. Folks, this upcoming March-April issue sort of makes us feel that we are nearing our announced goal of making TW the best Western magazine in the whole dadblame world!

First off, in response to innumerable requests, we are giving you the full story of the North American Buffalo—the whole picture, from prehistoric days clear down to the present. Norman B. Wiltsey, in his article "World's Greatest Slaughter," tells the story of the American Buffalo, beginning with their arrival in Alaska from Asia 400,000 years ago. Norm carries the thrilling buffalo saga from the early days of the Indians, Spanish and French explorers through the period of the mountain men and the shocking, bloody era of the hide hunters and the near-extermination of the great herds, winding up with what the Government and private individuals did and are still doing to preserve the species for posterity.

Francis Dickie, a Canadian writer, gives a brief history of the buffalo in Canada and an account of how the Canadian authorities rose to the emergency of preserving a portion of the once mighty buffalo population. Dickie's article is entitled "Buffalo Comeback."

Jack Derden, in his article "Nineteen Months with the Comanches," tells an epic of courage in relating the experiences of a pioneer Texas woman held captive by the Indians. This piece should get the Editors of TW off the hook with their lady readers. Ever since we started publication the gals have been demanding more yarns about women. From now on, as often as possible, we'll try to include something for our female fans—bless 'em—in our schedule.

IN the amazingly popular series about lost mines, we'll present Lyndon Ripley's "Spirit Curse of the Lost Frenchman's Gold," a hair-raiser with an Oregon locale. (Judging from reader demand, we'd better keep on printing these lost mine and buried treasure yarns regularly or take to the hills to outrun a posse of outraged customers!) And for Number Two, George R. Monagan takes us right back to the storied Superstitions again with his piece entitled "Lost Dutchman Mine Found?" George has some things to say about the Dutchman that will surprise you.

In "Renegade Battalion" Rivers Lodge relates the strange tale of a number of Americans who went over to the Mexicans in the war between Mexico and the United States.

For a long time now readers have been asking us why in the such-and-such we didn't print some yarns on the oldtime champion bucking horses like Midnight, Steamboat, etc. Well, dadgum it, it ain't that easy! We received and rejected several bucking horse articles because they just didn't have the authentic Western flavor we demand for TRUE WEST. Finally, a piece came in that fulfilled all TW requirements—Forbes Parkhill's "Buckingest Bronc." This is the story of Midnight, the grand old rodeo champ that was never ridden under strict rodeo rules. If you hoss men don't love this one, we'll quit publishing a magazine and take up fishing. It's a safe bet, because the yarn is just that good.

Another pet reader gripe will be assuaged in the next issue—namely, "Why in blue blazes don't you print more of Fred Gipson's stuff?" Now Fred is only the Editor of the magazine, so naturally he's had to wait his turn in line. In the next issue, ol' Fred spins us a spooky yarn called "The Cu-neva Ghost." Now that we've started, we'll have more of Fred's inimitable yarns. Okay?

On the "different" side, we'll have an article on Al Jennings by John Jobson. John calls his piece "The Way They REALLY Did It," and that describes it perfectly. Al Jennings, the last of the oldtime train robbers and gunmen of the Old West, personally tells a few secrets and gives us the real dope on some of those fabulous gun-fights of the past. Don't miss this article if you've ever wondered just what DID happen when gun-slick met gun-slick and shot it out in smoke.

Ever think of what might occur if a wild Indian "Queen" was welcomed into high society? Read Everett Bair's "Queen of the Utes" and find out. Chipeta, wife of head chief Ouray of the Ute tribe, accompanied her husband on a trip to Washington. Well, in the words of Mr. Bair, she "stole the show." Washington dressmakers dolled her up in silks and satins. She learned the latest pale-face dances and attended fancy parties. A bachelor doctor fell in love with her. All in all, Queen Chipeta had herself a ball in Washington before it was time to pull up stakes and hike back to the reservation.

All these—plus TRULY WESTERN. As Joe so aptly put it in this space last issue, TRULY WESTERN is the one feature you can never do without.

See you later, Podner . . .

January-February, 1956
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Whole No. 13

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

FRED GIPSON
Editor

DR. WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB
Historical Consultant

ANGEL LESHIKAR
Advertising Manager

TOWNSEND MILLER
Associate Editor

ELIZABETH SMALL
Circulation Manager

GLORIA CURD
Advertising

NORMAN B. WILTSEY
Research Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation

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Cover: "Tracks," by Randy Steffen

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Truly Western

Charley Russell's Last Photo

Editor, TRUE WEST:

I believe the following story of the beloved Western artist, Charles M. Russell, will interest your readers:

While Charles Marion Russell had posed at my studio for some pictures after his return from the Mayo Clinic, at Rochester, Minnesota, it had never occurred to me that I might treasure a picture of the pose he was in when I first set eyes on him.

In 1909, as a newcomer to Montana and the city of Great Falls, in my first visit to the Mint, I got my first glimpse and contact with Mr. Russell and his work. The Russell paintings there attracted my attention, and I asked a stranger who Russell was, never having heard of him nor his paintings. He said, "He is sitting over there in that booth, with his hands to his face." The Mint, at that time, had open narrow table wooden booths along the wall now occupied by a large showcase containing the Mint's collection of Russell's works of art. Mr. Russell's elbow was resting on the narrow table with his left hand up to his face, while he was conversing with a man on the opposite side of the table. I stared at him a while before leaving.

I bought the Morrison studio in Great Falls, the studio where Mr. Russell made a practice of having his paintings photographed for their copyrighting. Mr. Morrison tipped me off to that, and in so doing cautioned me in forming an acquaintance with him and not to hurry the matter, as Charley was slow warming up to strangers. However, in my case, an acquaintanceship of lasting endurance was to develop.

Reverting back to how I happened to get his "last portrait," Nancy (Russell's wife) revealed to me that "they (the Mayo Clinic) did not tell Charley this, but they told me. Charley might live a year, or might die anytime." The idea struck me, after recovering from the emotional effect of this unwelcome news, to have Charley pose for a picture—as I first saw him back in 1909 at the Mint.

The next day, on Saturday, he appeared at the studio, dressed in a dark gray striped suit. We were in midst of a mild, sweet-weathered Indian summer—the day was beautiful, and Charley was feeling fine and looking good. The photographic results were splendid.

Eight days after that the *Tribune* phoned an inquiry if I had a very recent picture of Mr. Russell, adding that he had died. This was Sunday. Monday morning the newspaper had an 11x14 reproduction of "His Last Portrait" on the front page.

I was glad, though my feelings were sad, that I beat Old Dan Reaper just in time to get this pose of Mr. Russell, which I shall treasure forever—Hildore C. Eklund, Box 1408, Great Falls, Montana.

This photo of Charley Russell "beating himself at checkers" was accomplished by photographer Eklund in this manner: Charley was "shot" twice on the same film with the halves that were not to be exposed being blocked out. The pose at the left of the picture is the one described by Mr. Eklund in his letter.

Author Cries Quits

Dear Joe:

Here we go again with another letter. You'll have to blame this on two things: your damn magazine gets around too much and you published my Lost Padre yarn in your October issue . . .

This morning's mail brought two more letters from men who want to go after the mine. I've had letters from most of the states, all asking the same thing—more detailed information, a copy of the map, etc.

Now Joe, I've always tried to answer all letters written me by people who had read what I wrote, but this Lost Padre deal is getting me down. . . . The point is, I am not going to give that information to anyone. I don't want to make anybody mad at me, but time simply will not permit my writing an individual reply to each person who has so kindly written me. I appreciate the letters, am mighty glad the boys liked the yarn, and I wish I could follow through with return mail, but—no can do!

PLEASE explain to these nice people the situation and thank them for me—J. Charles Davis, P. O. Box 77533, Sta. Dockweiler, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

Appeal for Help

Dear Mr. Small:

I am writing to ask if you would publish the enclosed article, or excerpts from it, in order to help an old man find a sister for whom he has searched fifty years. . . . Remembering the vast audience of oldtimers who read TRUE WEST, I thought perhaps that one of them might provide a clue. C. W. McCarney has few clues of his own on which to work. An Indian woman in Tecumseh, Oklahoma, in 1923 told him his sister's married name might be Mrs. John Duncan. That lead played out, however. The last remembrance Mr. McCarney has of his sister was seeing her framed in the doorway of a house where she was staying, an apron around her waist and a dish-towel in her hand. The following article about Mr. McCarney's tragic search was written by Mr. Burroughs, commercial manager of radio station KAMO, Rogers, Arkansas, where I work—Wilma Cole, Route 4, Box 183, Rogers, Arkansas.

68-year-old C. W. McCarney, of Rogers, Arkansas, is hoping that this holiday season will bring a happy end to his 50-year-old search for a missing sister. McCarney, who says his name was "slightly changed" by government records during World War I service, was born William Henry *McClarney*, in Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, September 3, 1887. His mother, Nancy Renolds McClarney, died when he was five months old. About the year 1892, the father, a blacksmith, deserted the 5-year-old son, and two daughters, 15-year-old Minnie and 7-year-old Cymanthia Idall (Della) McClarney, leaving the children in Norman, Oklahoma, where the family had lived since the mother's death.

The boy was "turned over" to a Holiness Church circuit rider, Charlie Garrison, who was lame in one leg. The Reverend Garrison later got the boy admitted to an orphanage in Gainesville, Texas, and the two girls were acccepted in separate private homes in Norman.

McCarney, through long years of search, eventually found his older sister, Mrs. Minnie Swart of Little Rock, Arkansas, but is still seeking his sister Della who—if still living—is about 70.

During his dogged 50-year search for information, McCarney has become acquainted with numerous previously unknown relatives and friends of the family, in Oklahoma City, Lexington and Depew, Oklahoma, and Fort Smith, Arkansas, but has failed to obtain a single clue as to the name of the family giving a home to his younger sister when the family was split up, or any information about his sister Della.

McCarney deduced that Della probably changed her name by marriage between 1905 and 1910. Possibly she is dead. But, the determined McCarney believes, there is also the possibility that some friend, descendant, or relative can offer a little clue that will lead to other clues, and eventually to full information. That's McCarney's wish for this happy

(Continued on page 46)

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For a few brief, lurid months, Rawhide flared up as the richest and gaudiest of all Nevada's boom gold camps. Then came the Big Fire and disillusionment for the

RING-TAILED ROARER

NEVADA

By Nell Murbarger

Photos by the Author

IT was 1907 — and the State of Nevada was worried.

After nearly a half century of intensive mining operations, of camps that had risen out of the sage to boom and bust before again reverting to sage, the natural factors of Time and depleted surface ore were so changing that the Silver State's whole pattern of existence was changing.

It was not only that more Nevada mining camps were being "worked out" after briefer lives, but few ore discoveries of major importance had been made in the State since the strikes that launched Rhyolite and Goldfield, now several years in the past. As a result, no lusty new camps had arisen to replace those playing out.

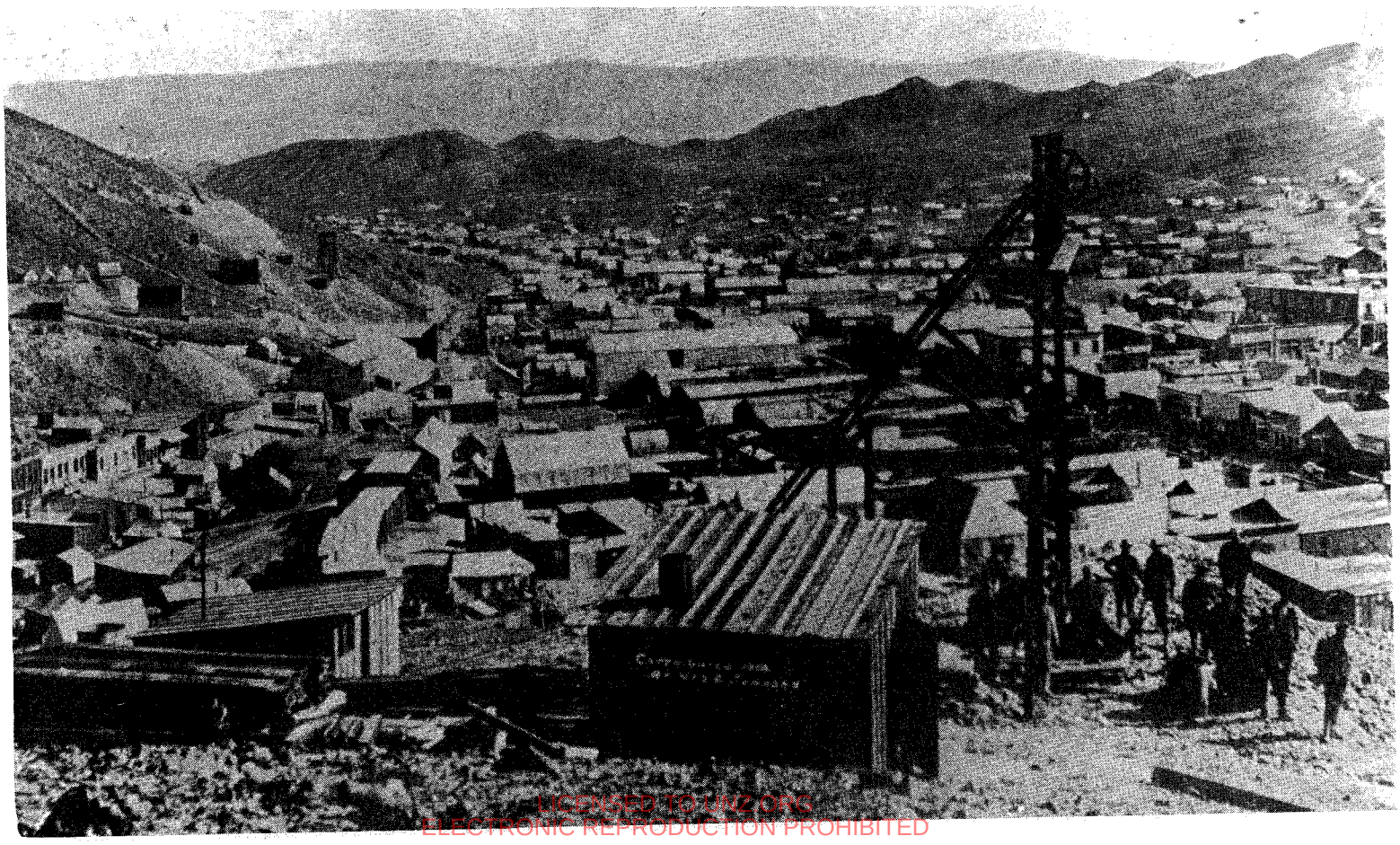
Maybe the ore's all gone, old-time Nevadans feared. Maybe there won't be any more big strikes, any more great camps. What then, pardner, what then?

To a state born and bred in the mining tradition, it was a horrible thought to contemplate.

Then came Rawhide, the ring-tailed roarer that burst over the sagelands in the closing weeks of 1907.

Within a few hours after news of the strike had been made public, half the state's citizens were talking of little but those rich stringers of gold at the foot of the Sand Springs range, one hundred miles northwest of Tonopah. And, despite the fact that winter in that high

Rawhide, Nevada, from Grutt Hill, 1908.



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desert country is a time of icy winds, deep snow, and sub-zero temperature, every trail leading toward Rawhide was soon black with traffic.

First comers found the site of discovery marked by a post, to which had been wired a tin box and a cow's tail. To the box had been affixed a crude sign:

DEPOSIT MAIL HERE FOR RAWHIDE

Three months after her birth, the new camp's population had leaped to 5,000 milling boomers. Another three months and the 5,000 had increased to 10,000, and all roads to the desert rendezvous were jammed with crawling vehicles and men and animals — foot packers and pack-mule trains, freight wagons and horsebackers. Fifty private autos and half-a-dozen horse-drawn stages were shuttling passengers over the rough, dusty roads from outside points. In a single day, four hundred men and women sought to book passage to the new camp from Schurz, closest point on the railroad.

Nevada was having her last big fling in old-time boom camp style.

ARRIVING at Rawhide in his chauffeur-driven Thomas Flyer, sports promotor Tex Rickard paid $10,000 for a corner "business lot," grubbed away the sagebrush, and launched construction of a fabulous hot-spot modeled along lines of his ultra-successful Northern Saloon, at Goldfield. Rushed to completion in ten days, the Rawhide Northern rang up bar receipts of $2,000 on its opening night. Its gambling tables were soon yielding to the house an average of $25,000 per day!

By February, 1908, newspapers of Tonopah and Goldfield were giving more space to the new camp than to their own communities.

The Rawhide Coalition Company had been purchased by E. W. King for half a million dollars, and shares in Rawhide Consolidated were bringing ten times their par value. A half-inch seam of gold in the Grutt Hill mine was running $300,000 to the ton—$150 a pound!—and a single water-bucketful of ore from another Grutt mine had yielded $2800 in gold.

Midsummer, 1908, found Rawhide boasting 1500 wooden and stone buildings, one thousand tent houses, and a greater number of hotels and rooming houses than any other city in Nevada. Still accommodations fell short of the demand, and every night men slept in the streets and on the sawdust-covered floors of saloons.

Citizens of Rawhide had a choice of three local daily newspapers—*The Rustler*, *The News*, and *The Times*. The last mentioned, a 20-pager, was composed on a Mergenthaler typesetting machine and printed on the largest Miehle press in the state; but it was W. W. Booth's little *Rustler* that claimed honors as the pioneer news medium of the camp. At the top of his editorial column, Editor Booth observed: "This paper is different from other newspapers, and I thank the Gods of Verse and Prose that it *is* different."

During that same summer of 1908, three banks operated in Rawhide, open daily until midnight. There were half a dozen theaters and variety houses, telephone and telegraph service, an electric light plant, and a mammoth refrigera-

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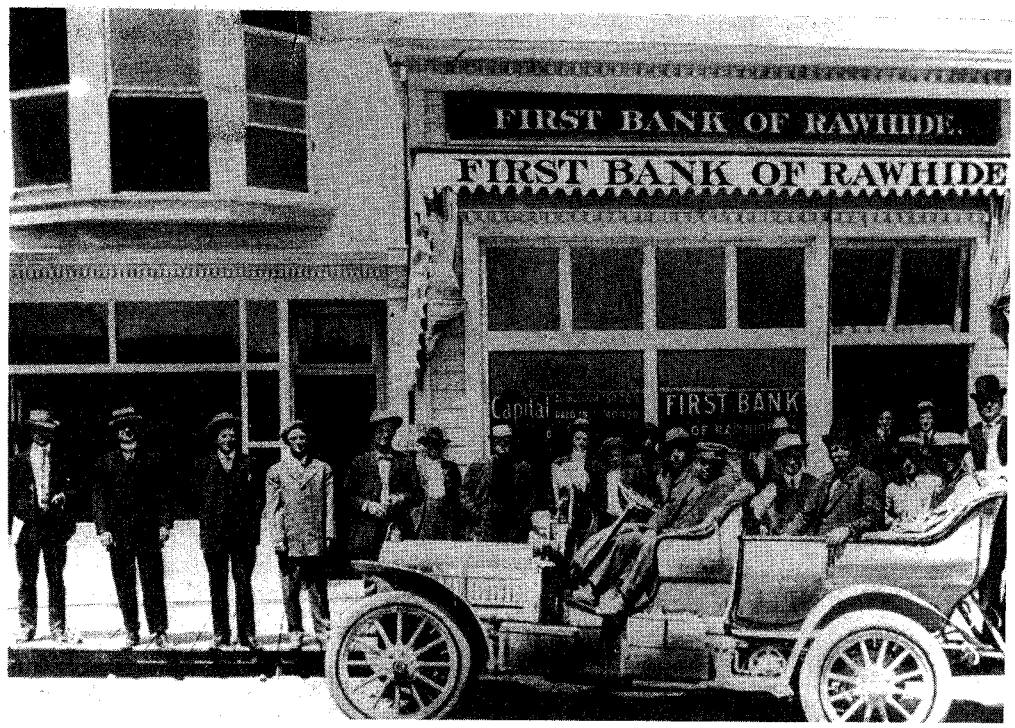

Arrival of loaded "auto stage" at First Bank of Rawhide, 1908.

Twenty-one thousand pounds of freight arriving at Tex Rickard's Northern Saloon, in Rawhide, via 16 mule team, 1908.

Band concert advertising Eagles' Dance, Rawhide Avenue looking west. April 17, 1908. Rawhide, Nevada.

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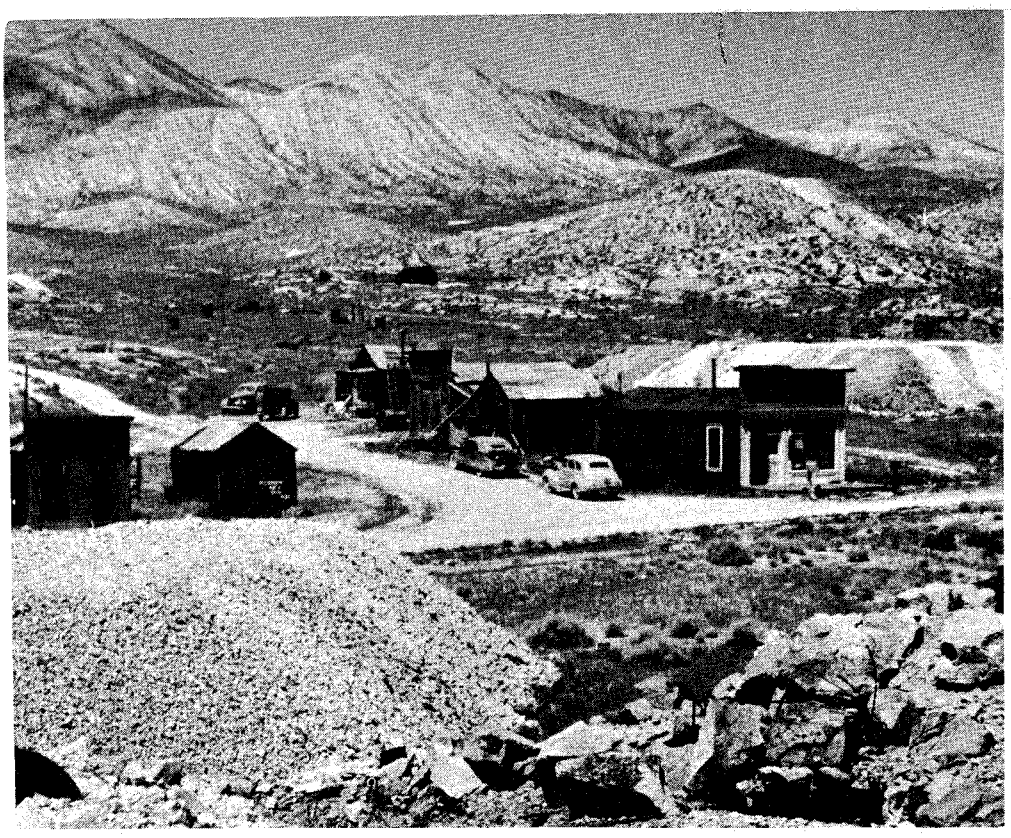

A few battered shacks and endless mine dumps are about all that remain of Rawhide, Nevada, once a roaring camp of 10,000 persons.

tion plant to cool champagne and beer—but there was no water save that freighted across the desert from Dead Horse Well and sold by the gallon. The standard price of a hot bath was five dollars.

In Stingaree Gulch flourished a sporting district rivaling San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast. Orchestras, playing loudly if not well, provided music all night in flimsy dancehalls that reeked of smoke, sweat, Florida Water, and whiskey, and too much human brawn in too little space. Flanking both sides of a twisting street for half a mile were the bawdy houses, with five hundred women of all races and colors working the line.

There were ninety saloons that never closed their doors—and there was one church.

FEW Western mining camps have been favored with a more accomplished set of promotors than was Rawhide—particularly after the arrival of that Terrific Trio, George Graham Rice, Tex Rickard, and Nathaniel C. Goodwin.

Nat Goodwin, famous Broadway comedian, had received his first taste of mining camp life when he was brought West to appear on the opening night program at Goldfield Theater. He liked the life so well he decided to remain in Nevada.

Later, when the popular showman followed the boom to Rawhide, *The Weekly Miner,* of Bullfrog, took occasion to remark editorially: "We trust that Nat's exalted opinion of Nevadans will not be too abruptly shattered by running afoul of countless wildcat promotors who sell worthless mining stocks . . ."

That, chances are, was the last time anyone ever doubted Nat's ability to hold his own in the sinful and wicked world of commerce. Joining the Rice combine, the Broadway thespian not only bought worthless mining stocks, right and left, but proved himself exceptionally adept in the art of unloading them at a handsome profit.

Elinor Glyn—whose sensational novel, *Three Weeks,* had been but recently suppressed as indecent, thereby assuring its unqualified success—telegraphed to Nat that she was entraining for Rawhide to procure additional first-hand knowledge of life in the raw.

Determined that there should be no muffing of this priceless opportunity to gain international renown, the Rice-Rickard-Goodwin triumvirate swung into action. In short order, arrangements were perfected for a dozen saloon brawls and street fights, complete with flying steel, popping pistols, and clobbered corpses. Super-lurid touches were added to Stingaree Gulch, and every beefeater in town was enlisted in the task of making Miss Glyn's sojourn one to be remembered.

Elinor came and saw, and was properly palpitated—and galloped home rejoicing, to write another best seller.

As the last mad camp of a mad decade, Rawhide crowded into her brief months a larger measure of excitement and color than most mining camps experience in an equal number of years.

Ex-Rawhiders still chuckle over memories of the Gum-shoe Kid, Rawhide Jack Davis, Gold Tooth Bess, and other local celebrities. One of their favorite yarns concerns the time Gold Tooth Bess found a man drunk enough to marry her. Bess, naturally, was determined to clinch the deal before her victim had time to sober up; but it was then past midnight. Rawhide's single sky-pilot refused to tie the knot before morning, and the justice of the peace could not be found.

In desperation, Bess and her tipsy beloved turned in at the office of the

Some of the founders of Rawhide. Top row (l to r) C. C. Dunning, Eugene Grutt, known as the Daddy of Rawhide; Charlie McLeod. Bottom row, A. W. Drew, Joe Alexander, Z. T. Carson. Photo made in 1908.

One of the few buildings still standing at Rawhide is the former Variety Show House. In a back room of this building, says legend, Riley Grannan, internationally famous gambler, was "laid out" prior to his history-making funeral sermon preached by an unfrocked sky-pilot, Herman W. Knickerbocker, in April, 1908.

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mining claims recorder where a junior clerk still worked over his books. As the only public official available at that hour, Bess demanded that he pronounce the marriage ceremony.

"Me? *Marry you?*" Good heavens! cried the bespectacled little pencil pusher. "I have no authority to perform a *marriage* ceremony!"

"Authority, hell!" boomed Bess, whipping a six-shooter from her handbag. "What better authority do you want than this?"

With the yawning muzzle of the gun never straying far from his belly, the jittery clerk filled out a mining location notice—altering the particulars to embrace human elements rather than geographic—affixed to the document his official hand and notary's seal, and pronounced the beaming couple man and wife.

With the location notice clutched in her fist, and her snub-nosed Colt neatly reholstered in her handbag, Gold Tooth Bess and her gallant cavalier took off happily into the night.

FOR a camp so thoroughly geared to sensual pleasure, there is something ironic in the circumstances that the most imperishable of Rawhide legends should concern the death of a gambler, and a funeral sermon preached by an unfrocked minister.

When Riley Grannan clattered into Rawhide in a horse-drawn stage, he was already known as one of the greatest plungers the world had ever produced. Among his more notable accomplishments was that of having laid what was then known as the largest wager in track history—$275,000 on the outcome of a single horse race. Whether Riley was betting on a war in Europe, or the number of beans in a bag, the sky was always the limit. In short, Riley Grannan was a man after Rawhide's own heart.

Paying $40,000 for a building lot on the camp's principal corner—a lot any squatter might have had for the taking only a few months before—Riley began making plans to erect there the queen of all pleasure palaces. Pending consummation of those plans, he was dealing farobank in Tex Rickard's Northern when stricken by pneumonia in April, 1908. A prominent Reno physician was rushed to the isolated camp at a cost of $500, but his arrival there found Riley already dead.

As befitted a man of his estate, the internationally-known gambler was "laid out" in a satin-lined $2,000 casket; and, as befitted the frontier camp of Rawhide, that two-grand casket with the silver handles was mounted on a pair of rough pine sawhorses set in the back room of the Variety Show House—a gambling hall and saloon on Nevada Street, near the entrance to Stingaree Gulch.

It was only natural that Riley's Nevada friends should wish to give him a handsome sendoff, with a fine sermon and all the assorted props—floral, vocal, and instrumental. But there were difficulties in the accomplishment of that ambition.

Any minister capable of preaching a sermon thought worthy of the departed might very logically take a dim view of this wayward son who had looked too seldom on the altar cloth and too often on the black-and-red pasteboards, the tote boards, and the galloping dominoes.

In her determination to do the right thing by Good Ol' Riley, Rawhide grasped at the only straw that appeared available. Leading citizens of the camp enlisted the aid of Herman W. Knickerbocker.

Knickerbocker was something of an enigma. According to barroom gossip, he formerly had been pastor of a large Methodist congregation in Los Angeles,

(Continued on page 34)

Souvenirs of the great Rawhide Fire of Sept. 4, 1908. Nine square blocks in the heart of the business district were destroyed in only two hours time.

Nathaniel (Nat) C. Goodwin, famous Broadway star, shown during his mining days at Rawhide in 1907-1908.

Looking north on Nevada Street, Rawhide, Nevada, 1908. Fire that destroyed the town on Sept. 4, 1908, started in back room of the Rawhide Drug Co., (extreme left) and quickly spread to the roof of Ross Hotel, adjacent.

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Harvey Logan, alias "Kid Curry." Leader of the "Wild Bunch."

KID CURRY'S "WILD BUNCH"

By C. N. KIRK

MONTANA

Photos courtesy Union Pacific

It was down at Jew Jake's place that Kid Curry shot Pike Landusky. After that, he turned bad and went to traveling with his chin resting on one shoulder.

PRACTICALLY every section of the West is noted for its outlaw, remembered as a hero to some and a swaggering no-good badman to others.

As the Daltons are remembered in Oklahoma and Billy the Kid in New Mexico, so Kid Curry and his wild bunch are remembered in Montana.

Kid Curry (his correct name was Harvey Logan) started out in life as an honest, hard-working cowboy. The Kid, in partnership with his brothers, operated a small ranch in the Little Rocky Mountains of north-central Montana, near the mining town of Landusky. During 1889 the Kid worked for the Diamond outfit on roundup, at the same time as another down-and-out cowboy who, in later years, became world famous in a far different manner than Kid Curry. This was C. M. Russell, who became Montana's beloved cowboy artist.

The town of Landusky was named for Pike Landusky, who had a strike in that section. Pike was also a deputy sheriff, and a right handy man with his fists. A pretty decent sort when sober, Landusky was a roaring terror when drunk. The Curry brothers had a few run-ins with Pike and had got belted around a bit in the mix-ups. The Kid hated Landusky's guts, and Pike returned the sentiment with interest. He'd once arrested Curry for some minor offense, and the Kid never forgot it. He bided his time like an Indian, waiting to get even. Curry had a healthy respect for Pike's rock-like fists, and he didn't intend to make a move until he had everything going in his favor.

Landusky was a tough *hombre,* make no mistake about that. In an early day ruckus with the Blackfeet, a bullet had shattered Pike's jaw and marked him for life. Though he was taken to Reed's Fort for treatment, the wound caused him so much agony he tore out a piece of his infected jawbone and some teeth along with it. The wound never healed properly and pained him constantly. When it got to throbbing real bad, Pike would hit the redeye for relief and go hog-wild until the jag wore off.

On one of his black days, Landusky spotted a lone Indian loping along a lonely trail. Though the redskin had had nothing to do with his maiming, Pike shot him down like a rabbit. The wounded Indian started to crawl off into the bushes along the trail, but Pike caught him and slit his throat. Then, in berserk fury, he ripped out the Indian's entrails. He cut out the bladder, and later tanned it and made it into a tobacco pouch. T. C. Abbott, one of Montana's old-timers and a pal of Charlie Russell's, stated that Landusky smoked tobacco taken from this pouch.

The Curry brothers, Henry and Kid, together with two half-brothers, Lonnie and John, continued to get along with Pike in a curious cat-and-mouse sort of way. It was four to one at the beginning of the waiting game, but fate soon began cutting down the odds. Hank Curry got loaded on redeye one cold night, and pneumonia killed him before Pike Landusky had a chance to do the job.

Johnny Curry was the next to draw the death card. Johnny fancied himself as a Casanova, and to prove it he induced a neighbor's wife to move in with him. Her husband, a man named Winters, rode over to the Curry place to tell her he was through with her.

Johnny got to brooding after Winters left, and decided that —since the woman was lawfully married to Winters—everything Winters owned belonged to her. He had a drink at that point and decided further that—since he had possession of the woman—everything Winters owned also belonged to *him!* He rode over to tell Winters his opinion. The man laughed at him.

Johnny went home, had a few more drinks and gave the matter more thought. Deciding to move in on Winters and take over, he buckled on a pair of Colts and headed back for Winters' ranch to claim possession.

Winters saw him coming, and when Johnny pulled up his horse outside and yelled, "Come on out!" Winters came out with shotgun blazing. Two loads of double-O buckshot in the

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chest ended Johnny Curry's career as a lady's man right there.

SOME time after Johnny's untimely demise, Kid Curry decided the time had come for a showdown with Pike Landusky. On Christmas evening, 1894, he saddled up and rode into town. The Kid headed straight for Jew Jake's saloon, where most of the citizens of Landusky spent their spare time.

Jew Jake was something of a character in his own right. He'd lost a leg in a gun-fight with law officers in Wyoming, and after that affair always used a Winchester as a crutch. One day following the Kid Curry-Pike Landusky episode, a drunken cowboy asked to see Jake's ability to use the rifle as a crutch. Jake made a move to raise the Winchester while he shifted his weight to step. The cowboy didn't wait to see more; he jerked his gun and drilled Jake plumb center.

On the Christmas evening Kid Curry rode up to Jake's place, Pike Landusky was inside already half-drunk. Yet, when he saw the Kid was aching to start a fight, Pike actually tried to cool him off. No dice—the Kid was out to settle things that night.

The fist fight that followed ended up with Curry's eyes well blackened, and somehow he had lost his gun. Landusky, now in one of his murderous rages, fumbled for his gun—an automatic he carried in a shoulder holster inside his coat. Quickly, one of the Kid's pals handed him his own gun. Curry fired one fatal shot while Pike was still trying to draw.

Although the killing of Landusky was in self defense, Kid Curry didn't wait for a jury to try him. He rode off in the night, to become the most famous outlaw in the Northwest. Perhaps some of his fame was undeserved, for oldtimers in Montana still insist that Kid Curry is blamed for much he didn't do.

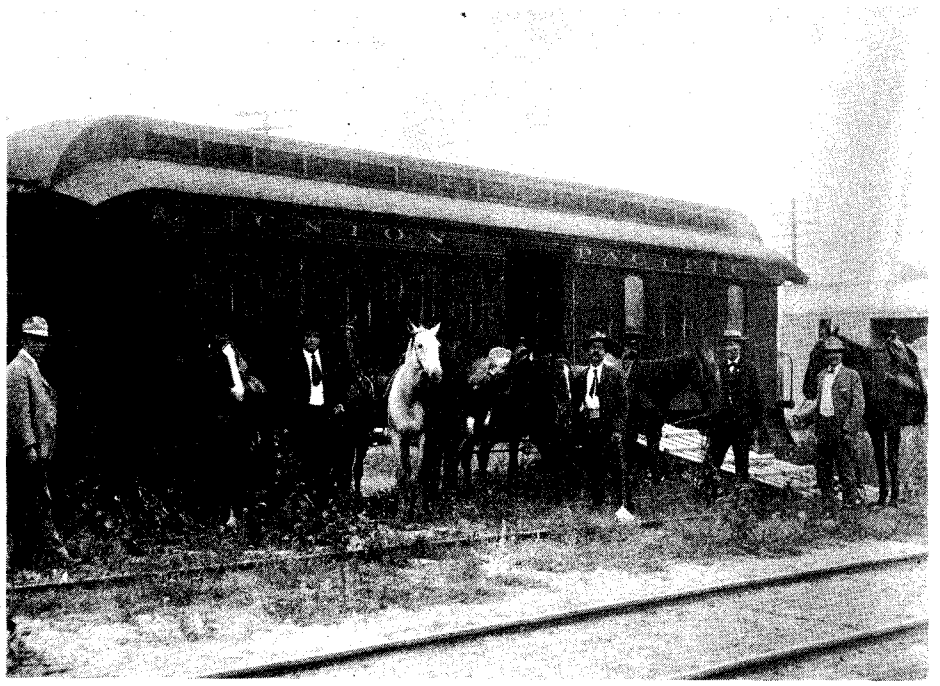
Curry, after killing Landusky, hid out for a while and finally got together his "wild bunch." Among those who served in this gang were Butch Cassidy, Big Nose George and Harry Longabaugh, otherwise known as "The Sun Dance Kid."

In July of 1901, Kid Curry and his gang pulled off their biggest job, by holding up a Great Northern train near the cow town of Malta, Montana, and getting away with $80,000 in currency. There was, however, a joker in the deck. Most of the haul was new money, unsigned, and therefore worthless.

Kid Curry hurried to Great Falls, where he made an effort to get a friend to forge signatures to the money. The friend (who later became a leading citizen in Great Falls) flatly refused and ran out of the Kid's room.

Lonnie Curry was caught and killed a short time later with $10,000 of the money on his person.

Kid Curry was captured in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1903, and tried for killing a policeman. He drew a life sentence, but escaped from jail by tying up the guard and simply walking out.



Posse that chased the "Wild Bunch." Man holding second horse from left was the well-known Tom Keliher.

Like all the old frontier badmen who lived hunted lives, Kid Curry now traveled with his chin on his shoulder in eternal vigilance. And like them too, he learned nothing from experience.

The Kid, with two companions, robbed a train at Parachute, Colorado, early in June, 1904. On June 8 the pursuing posse of law men cornered the three robbers in a rocky gulch. Scrambling from rock to rock in an effort to get behind the posse, Curry was wounded. Officers heard one of the Kid's comrades shout: "Kid, are you hit?"

Curry called back, "Yes. I'm going to end it right here."

A single shot was heard from behind the boulder where the wounded outlaw had crawled.

The Kid's two pals escaped, but Curry was found dead. There was a bullet hole in his right temple, and his pearl-handled Colt was gripped in his right hand.

Interior of car blown up in holdup by "Wild Bunch" at Tipton, Wyoming, August 29, 1900.

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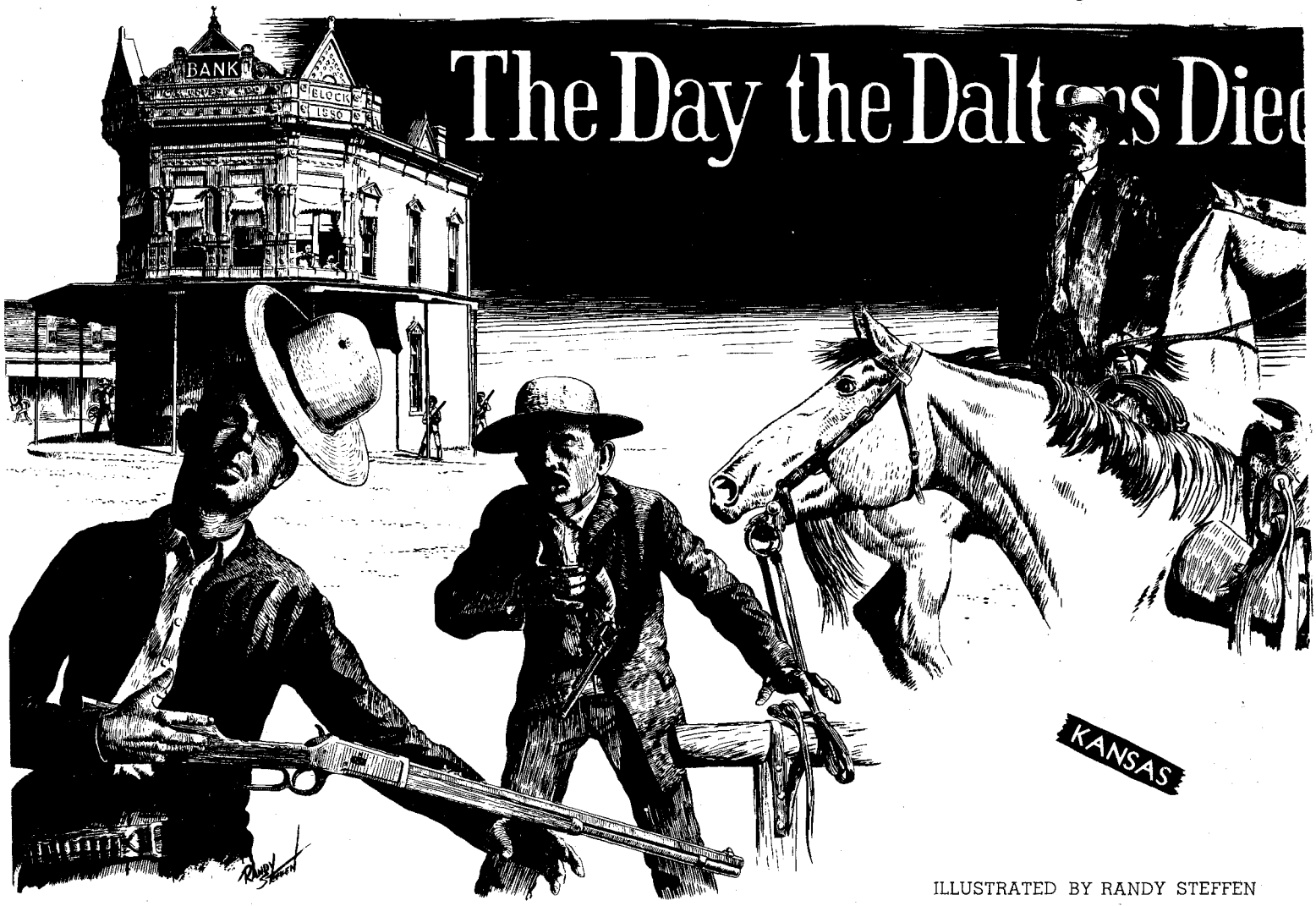
The local citizens all pitched in and made a right sharp and bloody gun ruckus out of the affair, there at Coffeyville

The Day the Daltons Died



ILLUSTRATED BY RANDY STEFFEN

Now the citizens' massed guns exploded in new fury, pouring volley after volley into the alley. There had never been a gun battle as fierce as this in all the annals of the frontier West.

By MARSHALL K. McCLELLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story is the first of a trilogy in this issue based upon a central theme. The three authors differ on certain points; we leave it up to you to detect the discrepancies. Judging from the keen detective work readers have done in the past, we're confident you'll catch 'em all. Good hunting!

The five horsemen trotted briskly along the dusty road leading to Coffeyville, Kansas. They were laughing and commenting on the prosperous appearance of the locality. Farmers in the fields, busy with the autumn harvest, took only casual notice of the passing group. If they had been more observant, they might have detected the early morning sunlight of that October 5th, 1892, glinting on the polished barrels of many guns.

"Boys," called the leading rider, who was tall, lean, and well-molded to the saddle, "take a good look at these farms. They mean plenty money in those banks up ahead!"

The others nodded their agreement. One said, "I sure hope we can carry it all. Wouldn't do to leave any behind. We don't want to spoil these folks with kindness!"

This was the Dalton gang, notorious outlaw band, around which had been woven a dozen fanciful legends in the space of three short years. Now they rode toward their most spectacular raid.

In the lead was Bob Dalton, 25, handsome, dashing, yet somehow boyish. Next to Bob, as he had always been since their carefree boyhood days, was Emmett Dalton, younger by three years, of stocky build and easy-going nature.

Behind them, riding three abreast, were Grattan Dalton, 33, the elder brother, hot-tempered, aggressive, always spoiling for a fight, and the two dependable "hell-for-leather" lead-slingers, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell, both in their late twenties.

The horses were skittish, sensing impending action. The men held them firmly in rein. Their timed arrival in Coffeyville was for a few minutes after nine o'clock, the opening hour for the banks. The carefully formulated plans called for the simultaneous robbing of both Coffeyville financial institutions, the First National Bank and the Condon Bank. It was a daring foray. Nothing to match it had ever before been attempted, not even by such bold bandits as the James Boys, or the Younger Brothers, both blood relatives of the Daltons.

AROUND the camp-fire the previous night, the flip of a coin had determined that Bob and Emmett would empty the coffers of the First National, while Grat, Powers and Broadwell cleaned out the Condon Bank. Both banks faced on the main plaza of the town, within a hundred feet of each other. The First National was agreed to be the more dangerous, as it would be farther from the horses, which were to be hitched by the Old Opera House.

Bob and Emmett had exchanged anxieties in private over letting their impulsive brother lead the raid on the Condon

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Bank. This attack would require cool nerves and plenty of head-play. In the Condon Bank would be Cashier Charlie Ball, a tough, fast-thinking man. However, Bob preferred having his younger brother with him, stating, "Em, I want you with me, so I won't have to be worryin' about what's goin' on behind me."

In the turning of events, this decision proved the casting of the fatal die, the one costly error in decision, which all men who live beyond the law commit eventually and then are brought to bay.

Bob Dalton turned his eyes across the fields. Half a mile distant stood a green house and a red barn, warm-looking, inviting to the weary traveler, home-like. Bob felt a stirring in his breast, a tightening in his throat. Grat jogged up alongside his brothers, gesturing with one arm. "Well, there it is! The old home!" The boys did not look at one another and continued on in silence for a time.

Why were they storming back into their old home grounds, leveling their weapons at the hearts of former neighbors and friends? Bob had asked himself that question many times. He recognized that the bitterness burned as deeply within his brothers as it did him. These former friends and neighbors were the ones who had heaped the most scorn and abuse on the heads of the boys, once they were labeled "outlaw." It was these people who had confounded fact with fiction, spread rumor like the wildfire of the prairie, and blackened the Dalton name with false accusations.

BOB DALTON was once a respected Deputy U. S. Marshal, with Emmett serving as his assistant. Grat was a guardsman and a deputy for a shorter time. Graft, incompetence, and mistreatment by their superiors had forged the first chains of resentment against the authority they were sworn to uphold. Disgusted at being cheated, the boys turned in their badges and drifted to New Mexico, in 1889.

One night they rode into a mining camp with three youthful companions, heading for the saloon and some fun. The fun soon turned to serious business. Infuriated at being swindled by a crooked gambler in a faro game, the boys drew their guns and cleaned out the saloon. They were forced to shoot it out with a pursuing posse, escaping easily, but thus setting off the first of the series of wild tales that were to spread throughout the West, painting the Daltons a blacker hue than they ever deserved.

Riding hard, the gang returned to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma. Two months later, Bob and Grat went to California for a visit. There the hand of Fate moved, shifting the patterns of their lives, forcing them to take refuge behind guns....

A train was robbed near Alila, California. The express company lost several thousand dollars. No culprits could be found. The company determined that someone, anyone, should be punished. They put the "finger" on the Daltons and forced them to flee California. Grat spent a miserable six months in jail, finally sawing his way out.

Bob returned to the Indian Territory once more, rejoining Emmett, who had been working on a ranch. It was a shock when they discovered that the Dalton name had grown to be a household bad-name, the object of saloon and barber shop discussion and speculation. Fighting the relentless tide of public condemnation, desiring to be normal citizens, the boys were driven to robbery and pillage.

WITH the hope that they could obtain enough money to go to South America and start life over, Bob and Emmett secured the aid of two hard-riding friends and plotted their first train hold-up. They chose to rob the express company, solely in retaliation for the company's unjust treatment in California and the placing of an unwarranted price on their heads.

This first Dalton raid occurred at a Santa Fe whistle-stop in the Neutral Strip, south of Kansas. It came off successfully, but the haul amounted to only $14,000, which was far from the necessary sum to finance the foreign trip.

Vengeance was visited on the express company a second time at Lelietta in the Indian Territory, where the M.K.&T. train was plundered of $19,000. Afterwards, Bob and Emmett broke up their gang, seeking a return to a peaceful trail. Brother Grat returned from California, however, and his recounting of his months in jail, his farcical trial, and his forced flight, rekindled the fires of hatred smoldering in the Daltons.

The gang was reorganized, each member calmly accepting the fatal decision to ride the bitter trail together to whatever final destination Fate might schedule. Showing cunning and audacity, the Daltons struck at Red Rock, a Santa Fe station on the Otoe Indian Reservation, outwitting the express company again to the tune of $11,000.

It was here that the trail began to grow heavy with ambush. Each turning concealed a growing resistance to the depredations of the Daltons. It was the seemingly irresistible force of lawlessness riding hard and fast into the immovable object of justice.

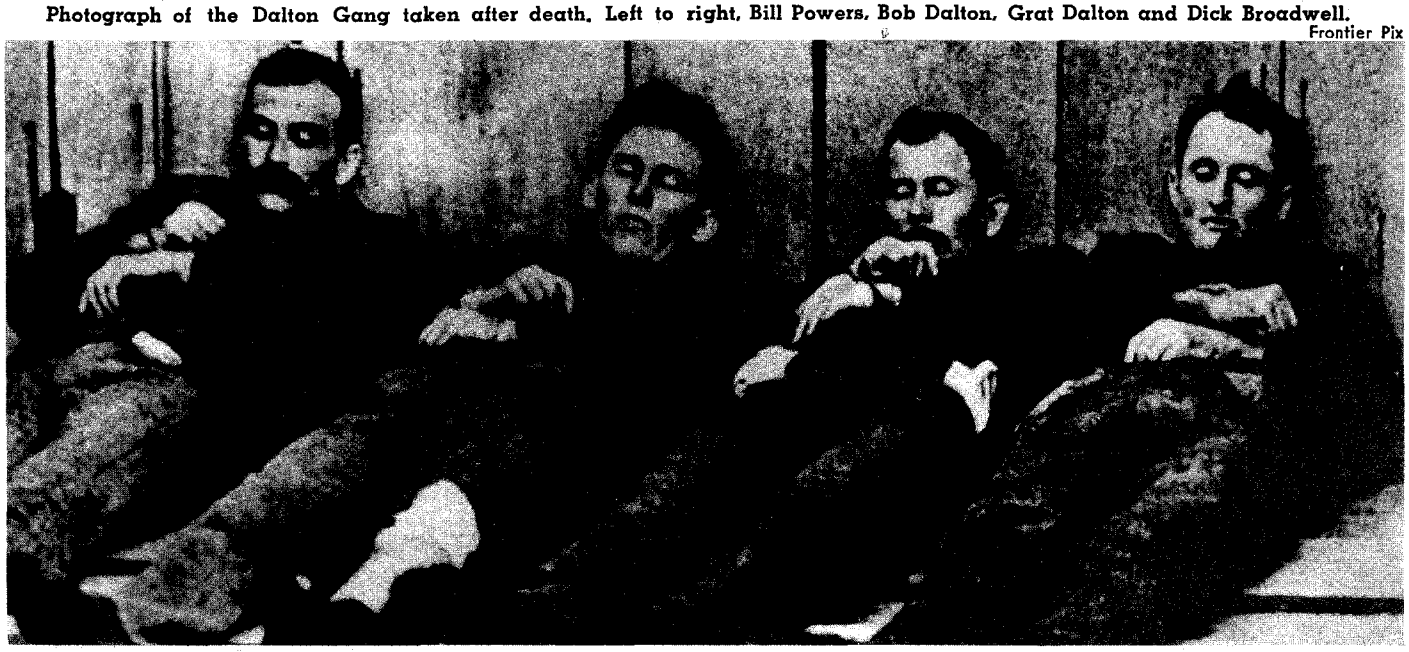
The trail led to the M.K.&T. train stop at Adair, Oklahoma, where a heavily-armed host of officers exchanged a fusillade of hot lead with the gang. The astounding luck of the Daltons had not yet run its full course, and they all escaped without injury. In their dust, however, were left three gravely wounded marshals. The loot amounted to nearly $17,000, but it was the exhilaration of the smoke and flash of the guns that keyed the boys to the plotting of the daring Coffeyville gamble.

On the road to that epic rendezvous with Death, the five men now rode—fearless, confident, determined, yet forced occasionally to put down poignant thoughts of immediate past days when they had bid a farewell to their womenfolk. The three brothers had found themselves strangely restrained as they neared Mother Dalton's home. Knowing they could not relieve her anxieties concerning their safety and wayward course, they rode off with only the memory of seeing her face at the lighted window. Each son, in his own way, quietly saluted the gallant pioneer woman who had borne them, forgiven them their trespasses, and always carried them proudly in her heart.

(Continued on page 35)

Photograph of the Dalton Gang taken after death. Left to right, Bill Powers, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell.

Frontier Pix



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CALIFORNIA

Grim memento of outlaw years, that was

The Emmett Dalton Six-Shooter. Frontier Model Colt, Caliber .44. Note that it looks

EMMETT DALTON'S SIX-

By CHUCK MARTIN

THE history of the Dalton gang has been written and copied many times, often erroneously. The Daltons' adventures have been made into movies, in which lesser men have depicted the Daltons as doing things the Daltons never did. Many weird and wonderful things come out of Hollywood. This, then, is the true story of a brave man and the six-shooter he owned and carried on both sides of the law. If any morals are to be drawn, we leave them to the individual reader.

I first met Emmett Dalton in 1932, when he came to me and asked me to write the history of the Dalton gang the way it was. I lived with that old outlaw for six months, learned much which has never—and will never—appear in print. I wrote a brief history of the gang, which appeared in six installments in the old and now discontinued *All Western* magazine in 1935. I learned to like and respect Emmett and Julia, his loyal wife.

Whatever else can be said about Emmett Dalton, he never lacked for courage of the finest kind. There will be differences of opinion about the Daltons, just as there are about any controversial issue. It might be well to remember that the Daltons, the James boys, and the Youngers were all first cousins. Frank Dalton was a respected member of the deputy sheriffs who carried the law out of old Fort Smith, Arkansas, for that famous (or infamous) "Hanging Judge," Isaac Parker. Frank was killed in the line of duty by a murderer he had arrested.

Bob Dalton also served the same court as a deputy sheriff, and later Emmett was his unpaid assistant. In those days a peace officer received about sixty dollars a month and "found" himself. He also was supposed to receive three dollars for arresting a killer and serving the warrant, and fifty cents a day to feed the prisoner while transporting him to jail at Fort Smith. The Nations and Indian Territory covered many miles, mostly Oklahoma today.

This was at a time when the carpetbaggers swarmed all over the Southwest, and infested the Federal government at

Photostat of letter given Chuck Martin.

Emmett Dalton.
4350 Price St.
Hollywood, Calif.

February 6th, 1935.

To whom it may concern.

Be it known that on this day I have presented my good freind Chuck Martin with my old 44 calibre Colt, Single Action. serial number 83073. This gun was carried by me until the day before the Coffeyville Robbery on Oct 5th, 1892.

Signed... Emmett Dalton

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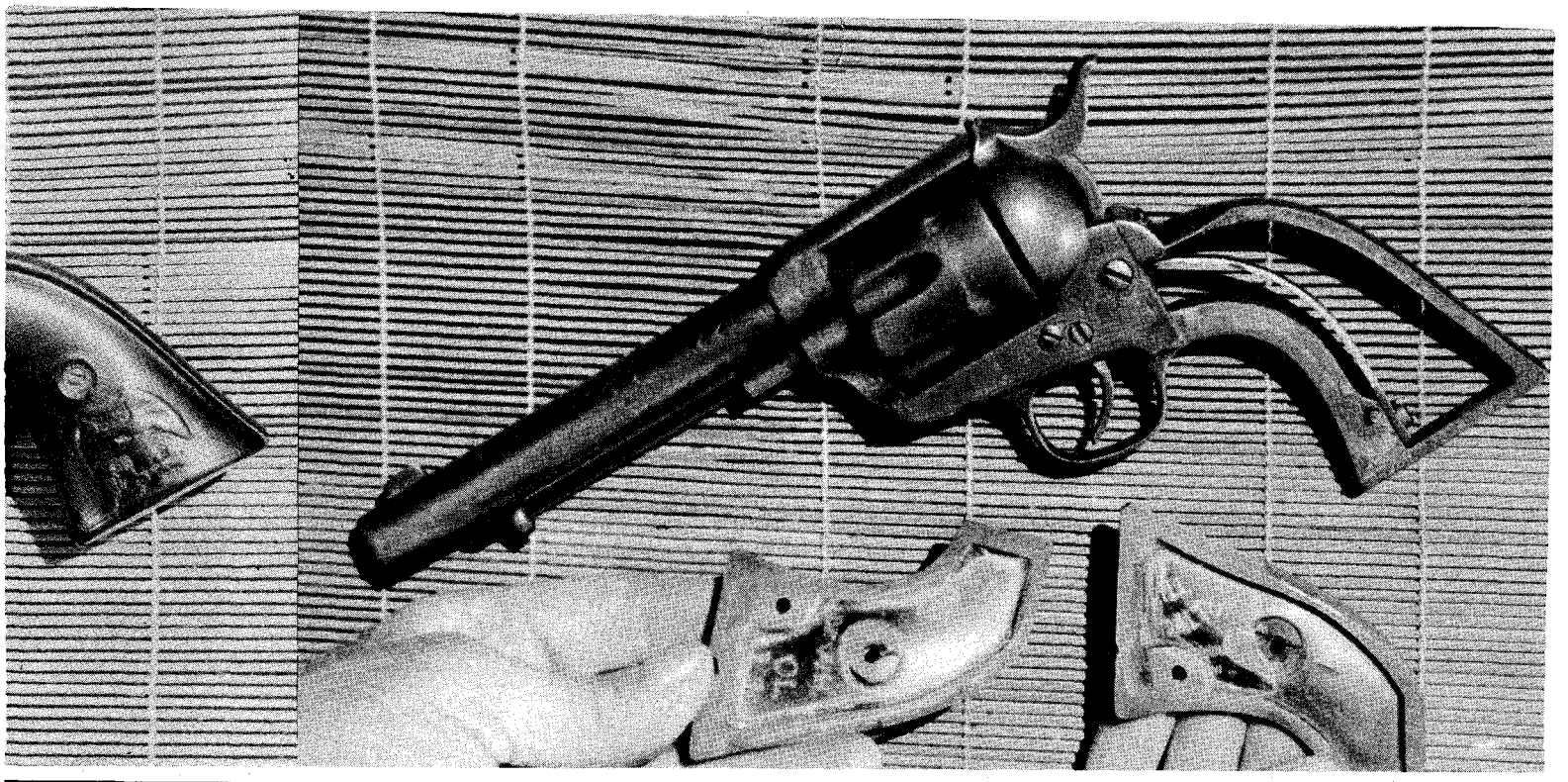


like Federal Government issue.

Names of Dalton gang inside handles with tally in handle to the right.

SHOOTER

Photos by the Author

Washington, D.C. What put Bob Dalton on the Owl-hoot trail? Piousness and sanctimonious judgment will not give an answer.

Emmett told me that for eight or nine months Bob never was paid, never received his small fees, and could get no satisfaction. He started to collect some of each from a society he thought had not been square with him. Perhaps some of you oldtimers tried to collect money from the Great White Father at about that time. Red Tape was used in bales, and was difficult to unravel. Bob Dalton formed the Dalton gang, and proved once more that "Crime does not pay!"

TO Emmett, Bob was a hero who could do no wrong. Try to remember that when the showdown came at Coffeyville, Emmett was nineteen years old. Which brings us right to the old six-shooter which is the hard core of this article.

The Dalton gang was composed of Bob, Grat, and Emmett Dalton, Dick Broadwell, and Bill Powers. There had been other members of the gang previous to the double bank hold-up at Coffeyville, such as Bill Doolin, who chose discretion as the better part of valor. Newcomb and Pierce were two more who had participated in the Dalton train robberies. The gang had been on the prowl for about two years when Bob Dalton decided to outdo anything his famous cousins had ever staged. The master stroke would be to hold up two banks at the same time, on opposite corners of the street in Coffeyville, Kansas.

The old Dalton home was in Bartlettsville, Oklahoma, just a whoop and a holler across the line from Coffeyville, Kansas. Bob had bought ten brand-new Colt forty-fives for the double bank hold-up. Emmett and Bob left their old hardware at the family home, which explains why the old Frontier model Colt .44 was not captured. As Emmett told me, history was in the making. Most of it was made in black-powder smoke.

It was cold on the morning of October 5th, 1892, as the five members of the Dalton gang huddled around a tiny fire on Onion Creek, just a few miles from the Kansas line. Bob traced a map in the dust with a stick, telling each man just what he was to do. The Condon Bank was on one corner of the Plaza in Coffeyville; the First National was just across the street.

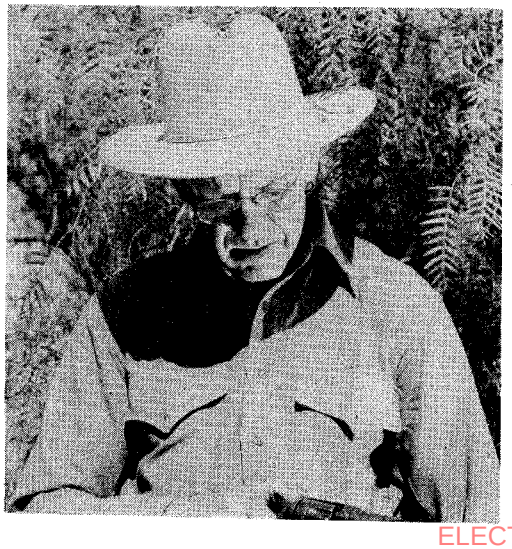
Bob and Emmett would take the First National, while Grat Dalton, Dick Broadwell, and Bill Powers would hold up the Condon Bank. This had been decided by the toss of a coin. Bob glanced at each man in turn and spoke quietly.

"Frisk yourselves, gents," he ordered. "Tear up every piece of paper, and hide any keepsakes you might want later."

Emmett tore up a letter from Julia Johnson, his sweetheart. Bob did the same with one from Eugenia Moore. A

(Continued on page 38)

Chuck Martin and the Dalton Six-Shooter.



Emmett Dalton presents six-shooter to Chuck Martin and gives a little expert instruction.

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They still retain an aura of adventure; the old guns, holsters, and cartridge belts that once belonged to the outlaws and law men of the Old West. Sometimes a gun served an owner on both sides of the law, as did this old Colt.

GUN WITH A STORY TO TELL

By SHY OSBORN

To me, a gun collector and professional photographer, there is something endlessly fascinating about the guns, holsters, and cartridge belts that once belonged to the outlaws and peace officers of the Old West. Hold an old Colt six-gun in your hand for just a moment. Feel how the butt fills your hand, comfortably but not awkwardly. Heft the solid, reassuring weight of this famous "Old Equalizer" and you will begin to understand what I mean. Every old Colt I have in my possession has an aura of adventure about it, a faint emanation still remaining of thrilling days gone by. All you need is a little imagination to feel its presence. S. O.

THE .38 W.C.F. Colt pictured in this article was once the property of Bill Doolin, known as the "King of Oklahoma Outlaws." No claim has been made regarding the authenticity of ten notches cut in the right-hand grip. The noted frontier law man, Wyatt Earp, once said that "no self-respecting peace officer ever notched his gun for 'credits.' " So it may be safely assumed that the notches were cut at the beginning of this gun's turbulent career. Certainly the notches are aged and well worn, appearing to be nearly as old as the gun itself.

Doolin was a member of the infamous Dalton gang of outlaws, and only a trick of fate saved Bill from the "Massacre of Coffeyville, Kansas" when on October 5, 1892, the Daltons boldly attempted to beat the record of the James gang by robbing two banks in the same town at the same time. Bill was slated to accompany the gang on the raid, but his horse got sick at the last moment, and he stayed clear while his comrades were getting butchered. Bob and Grat Dalton, Bill Powers, and Dick Broadwell were killed, and Emmett Dalton wounded and captured.

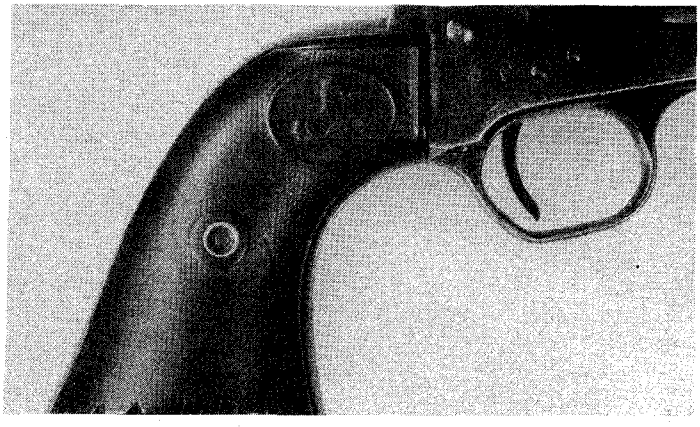
Doolin's horse recovered in time to carry him to the outskirts of Coffeyville while the raid was in progress. Bill heard the gunfire that rubbed out his mates—and promptly turned his horse's head in the opposite direction and lit out a-running. There was no foolish sentiment in Bill Doolin's makeup; he aimed to save his own hide—and to hell with his trapped pals!

After laying low for a spell, Doolin organized a gang of his own, composed of nine hard characters, including "Bitter Creek" George Newcomb, "Tulsa Jack" Blake, and "Dynamite Dick" Dan Clifton. Bill Dalton, kid brother of Bob and Grat, was one of the outfit. Young Bill was burning to get himself a peace officer or two to avenge his brothers' deaths.

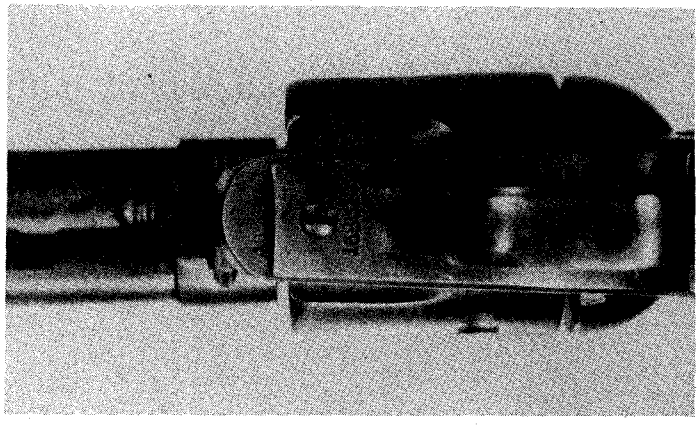
Before long the Doolin gang was known and feared throughout Oklahoma, as well as in parts of Arkansas, Kansas, Texas and Missouri. They knew the country from end to end, and had hideouts scattered in strategic spots all over the territories. One of these hideouts was known as the Rock Fort, and another was the small town of Ingalls, about ten miles east of Stillwater. The boys had plenty of friends in Ingalls to tip them off whenever the law came snooping around.

Something went wrong with their protection arrangements, however. On September 1, 1893, a covered wagon loaded with deputy marshals got into Ingalls without the outlaws receiving the alarm. In the ensuing hot gun fight, marshals Speed, Shadley, and Houston were killed, and Bitter Creek George Newcomb wounded but carried away by his mates. "Arkansas Tom" Jones, another member of the outlaw band, was captured as he lay sick in his room at the hotel. Tom was the only member of the Doolin gang, save one, to be captured alive. Tom served 17 years, 4 months and 22 days of a 50-year sentence, and was a changed man when released from prison. He lived straight as a die the rest of his life, even serving as a deputy to Marshal Ed Nix who had captured him.

Close-up of right hand grip, showing notches and Jack Campbell's stamp "JC" on the frame.



Close-up showing serial number of trigger guard and frame.



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Colt, holster, and cartridge belt. All have helped make history.

AFTER the Ingalls fight, Marshal Nix called in the "Three Guardsmen"—Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen, and bluntly told them: "The Doolin gang is now your personal problem and project—bring 'em in or wipe 'em out!" Three years of hard and patient law work were required to do the job, but one by one the outlaws were relentlessly hunted down.

Bill Doolin, blithely ignoring the grim man-hunt of which he was target Number One, decided to get married! The lucky (?) girl was Edith Ellsworth, the daughter of a country preacher. The wedding was held in the spring of 1894.

Bill, the happy bridegroom, celebrated his wedding in typical fashion by robbing a bank at Southwest City, Missouri, and killing a man named J. C. Seaborn. In rapid succession, Doolin and his henchmen staged a bank robbery in Texas that netted $40,000; a railway express robbery at Canadian, Texas, in which a sheriff was killed; another express robbery at Woodward, Oklahoma. Big times for Bill Doolin and his boys—money, excitement, high living. But, inevitably, their luck was running out—the odds were catching up with them.

Bill Dalton was tracked down and killed at a deserted ranch thirty-five miles west of Ardmore, in June, 1894. "Tulsa Jack" Blake was killed after a Rock Island train hold-up at Dover, Oklahoma. Charley Pierce and Bitter Creek were killed by two ranchers in July, 1895. On September 7, 1895, Bill Tilghman trailed "Little Bill" Raidler to a ranch house on Mission Creek in the eastern Osage country and shot him down in fair fight. Badly wounded, Little Bill was taken into custody. He recovered from his wounds, was tried, convicted and sent to prison. After serving part of a ten-year sentence, he was paroled on recommendation of Bill Tilghman and lived several years a cripple before cashing his checks.

"Red Buck" George Weightman, one of the few survivors of the scattered Doolin gang, was killed March 15, 1896—and now only Dynamite Dick Dan Clifton and Bill Doolin himself remained of the original ten members.

On January 12, 1896, Bill Tilghman made a single-handed capture of Doolin at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Weary from the long chase, Tilghman saw the cocky outlaw chief deposited in jail before going back to his farm for a well-earned rest. Riding about the farm on horseback, Bill was injured when his horse fell on him. He was still on crutches when Bill Doolin escaped from jail. Tilghman's good friend and efficient fellow officer, Heck Thomas, went after Doolin.

Thomas figured that the fugitive would head for his wife's home in Lawson, Oklahoma, so he had the house closely watched. Days passed without any sign of Bill Doolin—and then one morning the lookout learned that a team of horses belonging to Mrs. Doolin was being shod at the local blacksmith shop. Since most horses were left unshod in that part of the country, this could mean only one thing—that the team was being prepared for fast, hard travel. Word was rushed to Heck Thomas in Guthrie. Heck quickly gathered a posse and headed for Lawson, about fifteen miles northeast of Ingalls. The chips were down, and the showdown coming up fast.

ON that clear, moonlit night of August 5, 1896, a wagon loaded with household goods was seen leaving Lawson around 9 P.M. At a certain spot not far out of town, Heck Thomas, holding a shotgun, stepped out of the shadows into the middle of the road and snapped: "Throw up your hands, Doolin!"

His answer was a shot from a Winchester, plowing up the dirt at his feet. Heck's shotgun jammed momentarily, giving Doolin time for another wild shot. The outlaw cursed, dropped his rifle, pulled his six-gun and fired, missing again. Then, at a range of fifty feet, Thomas cut loose with both barrels of his shotgun. Bill Doolin went down, riddled with twenty-one buckshot. The King of the Oklahoma Outlaws had reached the bloody end of the trail.

Bill Doolin's well-ventilated corpse was taken back to Lawson. His pistol was picked up and later given to Bill Tilghman, who had been so closely associated with the case right

(Continued on page 33)

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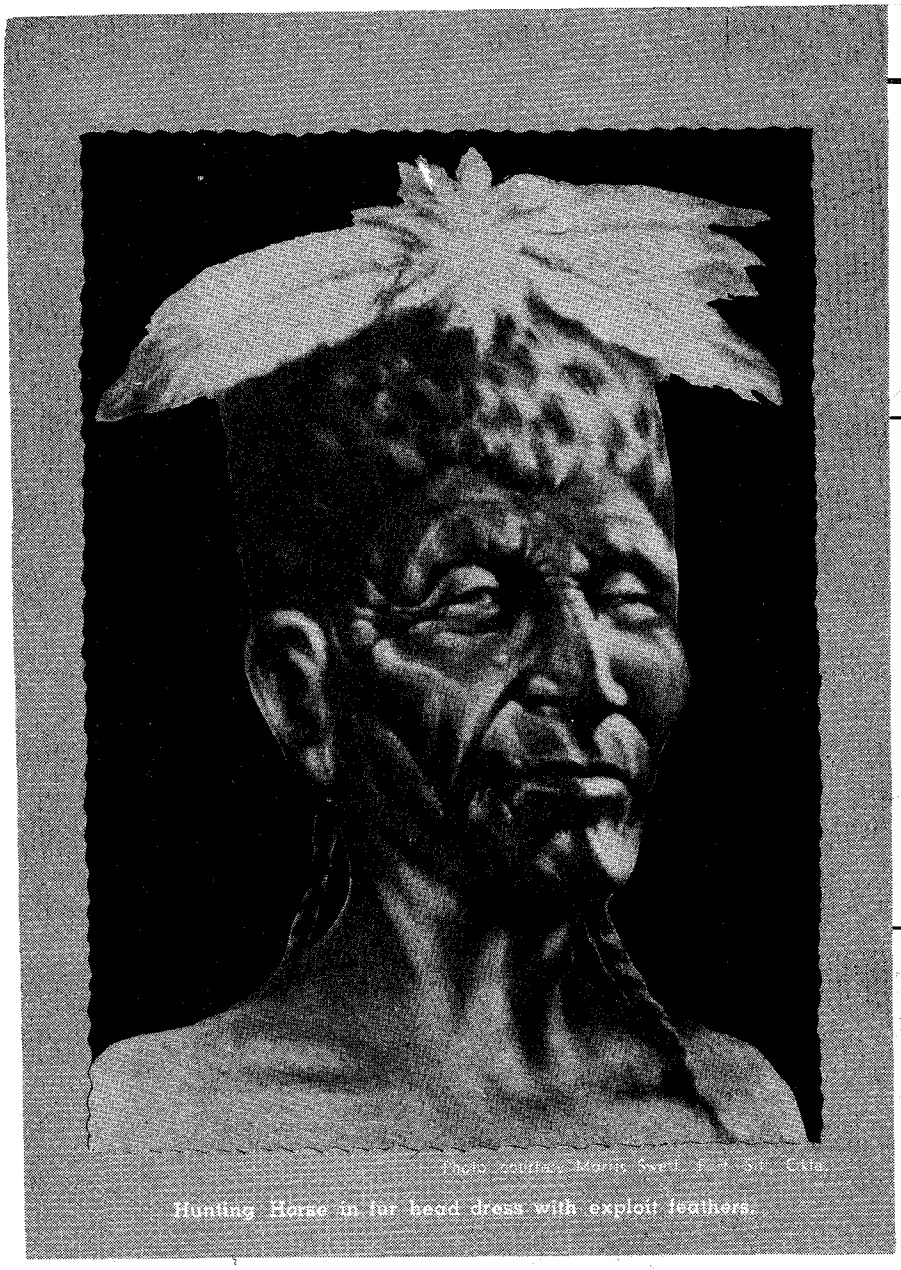

Photo courtesy Morris Swett, Fort Sill, Okla.

Hunting Horse in fur head dress with exploit feathers.

Hunting Horse, who passed on to the Shadow Land in 1954, is believed to have been the last of the famed Indian Scouts for the U.S. Army.

INDIAN SCOUT FOR CUSTER

By M. E. RYAN

HUNTING HORSE was born on the Kansas prairie, near the present site of Medicine Lodge, during the winter of 1846. The Indian was still in command of the plains at the time of his birth. Buffalo roamed the land in countless numbers, and the white man was confined to a few forts and trading posts scattered thinly along the frontier. Hunting Horse (his tribal name was Tsa-To-Kee, meaning Horse Hunter) lived an incredible 108 years, dying at the home of his daughter near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on July 1, 1954. The span of his long life encompassed three distinct eras—the West when it was still old, the West when it was changing, and the West when it had changed into the modern West of airplanes and superhighways. At the time of the old warrior's death in 1954, only a handful of old-timers, white and red, remembered the wondrous happenings of the past.

Hunting Horse was not a full-blood. His father, Woman's Heart, was a Kiowa chief. His mother, of Spanish blood, had been kidnaped from Old Mexico when a child and reared among the Kiowas.

The boy's parents died when he was very small, and he was raised by a cousin and her husband. From his cousin, the little Horse learned the things a Kiowa brave should know; the religion, the laws, the legends of his people. From her husband, he learned to shoot a bow and fire a gun, to ride a horse and hunt the buffalo.

Drifting with his nomadic tribe, the young Hunting Horse wandered across the prairie until he reached the age of fifteen. Then, wearying of the endless roaming, the youthful brave settled near the Wichita Mountains on the banks of the Washita. Early in life—some say at eighteen—he married two Kiowa sisters, thereby following an old tribal custom.

Chief of Hunting Horse's village at this time was a wise young man called Kicking Bird. He clearly foresaw the changes that were coming, and advocated peace with both red men and white. "The white men are as numerous in their own country to the East as blades of grass on the prairie," warned Kicking Bird in council. "Many thousands of them are coming into our country; we cannot fight them all. Let us make peace with the white men while we can."

The young chief's eloquence persuaded three-fourths of all the Kiowas to move to Fort Sill and throw in their lot with the white men. The remaining one-quarter of the tribe elected to stay in their camp on the south side of the North Fork of the Red River. Among those staying behind was Hunting Horse. Three days later, on July 10, 1874, the young brave was riding with a raiding party headed for Texas under the leadership of Red Otter, Lone Wolf and the fanatical medicine man and owl prophet, Maman'ti. The object of the raid was to gain revenge for the killing of Tau'ankia, Lone Wolf's favorite son, who had been shot down on a previous raid by the U. S. Cavalry.

In Texas, the raiders ran into a detachment of Texas Rangers commanded by the redoubtable Major John B. Jones. So cleverly did Lone Wolf and Red Otter lead their warriors, that not a brave was killed or wounded in the scrap that followed. Jones' eager recruits fell for the age-old Indian decoy trick, chasing two braves into the hills and straight into a trap. Three whites were killed, avenging Tau'ankia three for one.

The Kiowas broke off the fight once their vengeance was complete, and headed north singing their Victory Song.

HUNTING HORSE did not sing as loudly or enthusiastically as his brother warriors. He had heard bullets sing close to his head and learned that the warpath was not all fun and excitement. Clearly now he saw the logic of Kicking Bird's

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Photo by Lawton Constitution Press.

Hunting Horse as a Youth Leader. The local Boy Scout District was named for the famed Kiowa Scout.

council. There were too many palefaces; fighting them was like trying to stop the moon from shining. The young brave decided to take Kicking Bird's advice and join the pro-white faction of his people. Later, as a result of his decision, Hunting Horse was selected as a member of a group of ten to go to Lone Wolf and try to persuade him and his hostile followers to surrender. Lone Wolf came in and surrendered, ending Kiowa resistance to the all-conquering whites.

Fired with hope of a new life promised by General Custer's recruiting sergeants, Hunting Horse enlisted in Custer's Seventh Cavalry. In later years, he often spoke of those tense days when he wore an Army uniform—days spent scouting for Son-of-the-Morning-Star, as the Indians called Custer. History records the young brave as a good scout, dependable and loyal, as the eagle-topped medal awarded him testified. The morning star tattooed on his wrist when he joined Custer remained there until death.

Old Man Horse, as he was affectionately known around Fort Sill, was proud of his fine record. He often told tall tales of his last buffalo hunt with Custer. His black eyes beamed when he mentioned General Sheridan, whom he remembered well. He remembered General Sheridan as "Red Whiskers" and laughed when he told of the General's famous temper.

According to a Post Commander of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Hunting Horse's record shows that his Government service ended August 5, 1875. The exciting days over, Horse settled down to a peaceful, happy life. He tried earnestly to love everyone—even the cattle-rustling Texans and the Pawnees, once sworn enemies of the Kiowas.

In a letter to the writer (written by a family member) Hunting Horse stated: "Although in the past years life was freer, I consider the first hundred years the worst. Now in modern times, in my old age, I see that life is better planned out for tomorrow. I live thirty miles from Lawton on my U. S. Government allotment of 160 acres. The Government is caring for me now for my services in Indian Wars as scout for General Custer. With a pension of $72 a month, all I need to do is carry a little firewood, putter around on my allotment and enjoy the coming years."

Revered and consulted by tribesmen, Hunting Horse lived comfortably with his wife Poetamah. A daughter, Mrs. Mamie Ike Johnny, shared the home during recent years and cared for the aging scout. He was the father of three sons and three daughters, all living with the exception of Monroe, who was a talented artist.

ALTHOUGH rarely mentioned when he was an eye of the Army in the 70's, Hunting Horse became

(Continued on following page)

January 15, 1947, the date of Hunting Horse's 101st birthday, he posed for his picture on his lawn near Meers, Oklahoma, dressed in the replica of his scout uniform of Custer's day.

Photo by Lawton Constitution Press.

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Photo courtesy O. U. Phillips Collection.

Three former Kiowa Scouts.

Hunting Horse and one of his wives in full dance dress regalia.

Photo courtesy Morris Swett, Fort Sill, Okla.

front page news in his later years, due to his colorful birthday celebrations. In his 107th year he was on a radio program. An interpreter assisted.

His one hundredth birthday, celebrated January 15, 1946, was a colorful show. Despite the roaring blizzard, one hundred persons fought their way up the hazardous mountain to the old warrior's home. Ten Indian tribes were represented. Officers from Fort Sill, prominent state leaders, relatives and neighbors were there. Also present was the 94-year-old Mrs. Emma De Knight Sleeth, Arkansas City, Kansas; one of Horse's teachers when he attended Chilocco Indian School. The seven following celebrations have been equally colorful.

The War Department provided huge tents for the annual celebrations. The Department of the Interior presented a buffalo. There were plenty of gifts and lots of good food. Indian women prepared and served the feast; buffalo meat, beef, elk, fowl, and wild game. Bread, beans and salads were served, along with tea, coffee and milk by the gallon. A huge birthday cake, ablaze with candles, always topped off each party.

Dressed in a replica of the blue-and-gold scout uniform of Custer's day, and flashing the eagle-topped medal awarded for loyal service, Hunting Horse usually sang several songs in his own language. He did not speak English. Until his last year, he led tribal dances and gave demonstrations with bow and arrow.

Late in June, 1954, the old brave became suddenly ill. The white doctor summoned by the family examined him as he lay half-conscious on his bed; then turned to his kinfolk with a slight shake of the head. The Great Spirit was calling Hunting Horse home to the Shadow Land.

After several days coma, Hunting Horse answered the call of the Great Spirit. The date of his death was Wednesday, July 1, 1954.

The body lay in state Thursday evening at the home. Indian services were held Friday morning in Saddle Mountain Mission. Two Christian ministers officiated.

Following the rites, a long processional of friends and relatives escorted the body to the New Post chapel in Fort Sill. There, with a military guard of honor in charge, the body lay in state until time for the second ceremony. Funeral services were conducted by a local Post chaplain. Full military burial rites, by Fort Sill personnel, took place in Post cemetery.

So it ended—the heroic saga of Custer's Hunting Horse.

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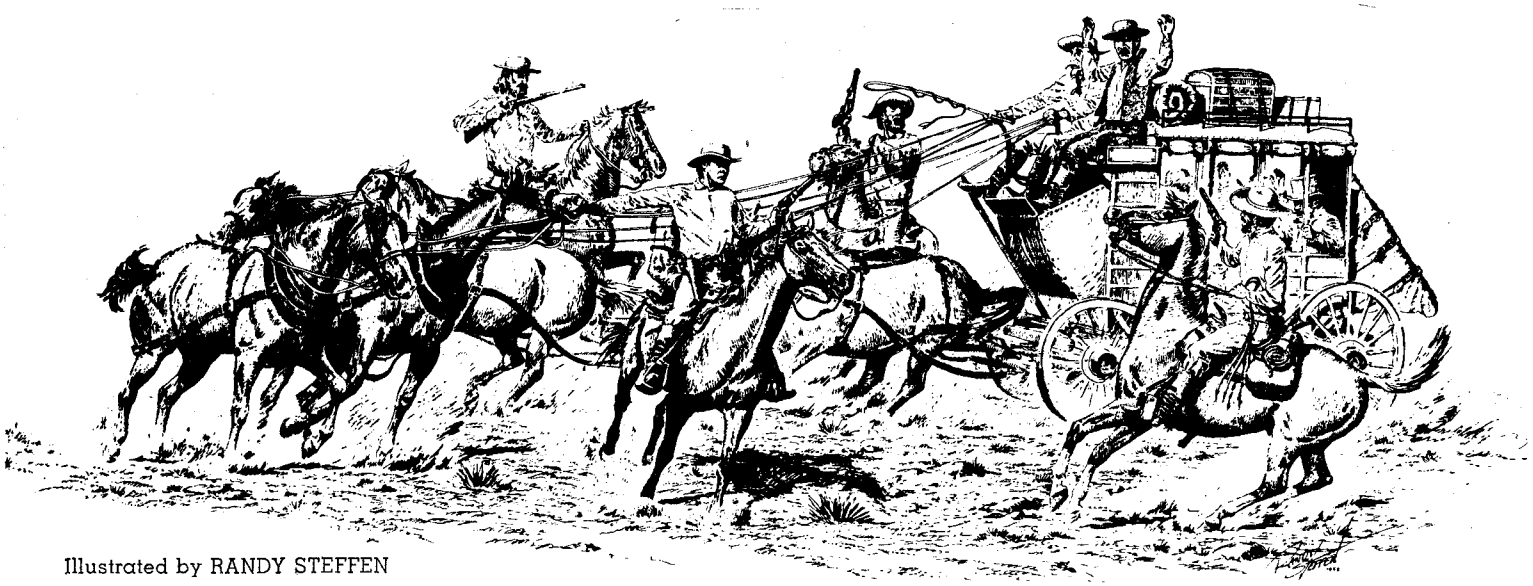

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

"The horses reared, pitched, twisted, whirled, wheeled, ran . . . and cut all sorts of capers. The coach performed so many evolutions that I, in fear of my life, abandoned it, and took to my heels, fully confident that I could make more progress in a straight line, with much less risk of breaking my neck."

Thus a reporter for *The New York Herald* described his ride on

THE LONGEST STAGE ROUTE IN THE WORLD

By M. R. KRYTHE

AT 7:30, on Sunday morning, October 10, 1858, an Overland Mail stagecoach dashed along the streets of San Francisco and drew up at the Plaza. At once the shrill blast of a whistle reported the arrival of the first U.S. mail—two bags—over the new Butterfield route, just 23 days and 20 hours out of St. Louis. This is the longest stagecoach route the world has ever known—the official distance being given as 2757½ miles. En route, the average speed was less than five miles per hour, with the fastest time, seven and a half miles, made on one stretch in California.

The San Franciscans were jubilant as their dream of closer connection with the East seemed to be coming true; and they could hardly believe that the recent dates on the newspapers they received were correct. There was much excitement, which George Hugh Banning describes so well in his SIX HORSES.

When the coach itself, behind six sweating, snorting grays, came rattling through her streets, there were horsemen in advance to clear a path through the surging mob. Flags were draped from crowded windows and flying from congested rooftops; while the driver, proud as Louis Napoleon at the fetes of Cherbourg, nodded a response to the shrieking, whistling riot with all the dignity of a field marshal. Cannon and brass band boomed together, "stovepipes" crushed between tramping boots in a howling stream of color that flooded the plaza. Then a mass meeting jammed the Music Hall in honor of "a new epoch" and "the end of the steamship monopoly."

Up to this time, mail had reached the Pacific Coast mainly via Panama, on Pacific Mail steamers. Communication was slow and very irregular; in fact, six weeks passed before Californians received the glad news that their state had been admitted into the Union on September 9, 1850.

Their first senators, Gwin and Fremont, presented petitions to Congress, asking for better mail facilities and overland passenger service. Although the people of the state urged the construction of a transcontinental railroad, they realized that, at first, they must compromise for a stage line.

In 1857 James Birch was given the contract of carrying mail from the Mississippi, on a 30-day basis, over the Santa Fe Trail, and to California via San Antonio, El Paso, and Fort Yuma. This was called the "Jackass Mail," as its coaches were drawn by mules. From Fort Yuma, the mail was carried on muleback to the western terminus, San Diego. This southern point didn't please the San Franciscans, so they sent more petitions to Washington, D.C. The result was that Congress passed, on March 3, 1857, an important law that permitted the founding of the famous, but short-lived, Butterfield Overland Stage Route.

AS the Southerners were quite predominant at this period, a decidedly southern route was chosen. Postmaster General Aaron V. Brown selected Memphis and St. Louis as the two eastern points of departure. The lines joined at Ft. Smith, Arkansas; from there the route extended through Indian territory, across Texas and New Mexico, to Fort Yuma. At one point the road dipped down into old Mexico, again turned north, and reached Los Angeles by way of Warner's Ranch and El Monte. Northward, the Butterfield stages made their way to San Francisco, through the San Joaquin Valley, touching at Gilroy and San Jose, before reaching the end of the route—San Francisco.

The bill subsidizing the line required that good four-horse stages, suitable for conveying passengers, to be used by the company and that the trip must not take more than twenty-five days. As soon as the route was settled, many wondered who would get the contract for this stupendous project of carrying mail across our wide continent. The lucky man was John Butterfield, who already had proven his executive ability by getting hold of the major stage lines in New York state; also, in 1850, he had organized the American Express Company.

Butterfield and his associates were allowed just one year to make the complicated and necessary preparations. These included building 165 stations, with corrals for the animals; digging wells and planning water supplies for desert spots; sites had to be chosen for fording streams, and some bridges built. Supply bases, with shops for repairing equipment, must be provided; also they bought 1,200 horses and 600 mules along with the necessary food supplies and distributed them at the various stations. Then there was the vital matter of finding 750 capable men—division managers, attendants for

(Continued on page 45)

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Llano County, Texas, Ranchmen, Who Profit from Wild Range Hogs, Depend on Acorns and Their

HOG DOGS!

By SAM E. HARRIS

Photos by the Author

TEXAS

EVERY three or four years, Mother Nature blesses the ranchmen of Llano County, Texas, with a bumper crop of acorns worth more than a half-million dollars.

A thousand pounds of acorns won't bring fifty cents on the open market, but when consumed by the wild range hogs of the Llano area, they're worth plenty.

Getting this crop of acorns converted into cold cash is complicated. The Lacey brothers started it more than fifty years ago by developing a special breed of dog.

Confusing, isn't it?

For years, Llano County has produced thirty to forty thousand hogs a year, hogs as different from their farm-raised cousins as a mountain goat is from a registered Angora. They don't know what an ear of corn is, but in lean years they can hear an acorn fall a hundred yards away and be there to eat it before it bounces.

These hogs are seldom seen by the ranchers. Now and then a cowman rides up on a herd if he approaches into the wind. They live the life of the wolf, slinking under cover of darkness, scouting for acorns among the blackjack, live oak, and post oak. They eat frogs along streams, root for worms and grubs, and even eat grass like a cow.

No matter how many riders a rancher might gather, they couldn't corral a herd of these hogs. Encircled hogs run between horses' legs, ripping flesh with their sharp tusks. It is hard to rope them, as they run with long snouts close to the ground.

Men may not be able to round them up, but the small Lacey dog of the Llano County does the job. There probably are not more than two hundred of these dogs in the thousand square miles of rough ranchland. They're few in number, but worth much.

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my dog if I couldn't get another," said one rancher. "My dog is worth the pay of ten men. Last year I gathered seventy head of fat hogs with my Lacey dog. So you see that dog was worth $3,000 to me in one season."

Ordinarily, the best Laceys sell from $100 to $250 each, depending upon how badly a rancher needs one.

The Lacey rounds up the wild hogs by leading instead of driving.

"The hog has its head on the wrong end," Llano County folk say. "The hogs always keep their tusks in the direction of their enemies, so it's easier to lead them than drive them. But apparently no other dog understands this but the Lacey."

THE Lacey hog dog's origin is as unusual as its ability. Ed Lacey, Llano County game warden, descendant of the Lacey family that settled on the Colorado River after the Civil War, knows the story.

Not long ago, Ed took a big chair close to his open fireplace and told it to me.

"They came from Tennessee," he said. "Four brothers. They located over on the river at Marble Falls and put the bottom land in cultivation and raised corn."

He reached into the fireplace for a burning twig to light his pipe.

"Well, sir, there was a good market for bacon down in Austin," he continued between puffs. "There was a plenty of wild hogs running loose on the open range—the old razorback kind. Turned out good bacon, though, when fat. So there they were—plenty of corn and plenty of hogs, but they couldn't get 'em together."

Leaning back in the leather-covered chair, Ed blew pipe smoke toward the ceiling.

"Those Lacey boys sure wanted a profit from that corn. Couldn't scatter the corn out in the brush. Deer and turkey would eat it. Couldn't catch the hogs anyhow, even if they were fat.

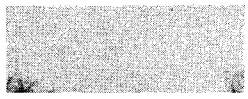
"Frank had an English Shepherd dog he brought from Tennessee," Ed continued. "That old dog could work sheep and cattle, but not these hogs. John had a female greyhound and George had raised a gyp wolf he kept tied to a live oak tree.

"Well, sir, Frank got the idea one day that a three-way cross of these breeds would make a genuine hog dog. That's the way it turned out. These three animals became the foundation stock for the most unusual breed of dogs in America," Ed concluded.

Oscar and his master, Jake Winkel. Winkel says he would not sell his dog for $1,000.

"Headin' for Cedar Mountain." Johnnie Click, veteran wild hog hunter, follows his eager dog, Rock, as they cross the rangeland to the well-known "hawg hideout."

This "hawg dog" is taking



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An acorn-fat, bristling sow gets set to charge Oscar. The small dog eventually led the maddened animal into a corral, without aid.

The Lacey gets his grayish-blue color and speed from the greyhound, stamina and ability to wind and trail from the wolf, and the natural instinct to herd from the English Shepherd.

IN later years, the Lacey feed pens were filled with long-nosed hogs that fattened rapidly on the Colorado River bottom corn. Smokehouses still stand along the river where the four brothers cured the bacon, which was hauled by wagon fifty miles down the Colorado to Austin.

Today, in the Hill Country, men who depend on these hog dogs are not the exception but the rule—men like Johnnie Click, Jake Winkel, Oran Tate, Wad Davis, and others. They like to hear a Lacey pick up a trail or watch a spirited hog-dog fight.

Ranchers have "trail" dogs that can follow a hog trail across "rock, thorn, and water." They have "lead" dogs that can excite the outlaw hogs into chasing them into an open corral, or brush clearing where the stockman waits with lariat. They have "catch" dogs that work in pairs, one grabbing a hog's ear, the other its flank. At the proper moment, they pull in opposite directions, flattening the dangerous porker on the ground in a split second. They hold it until their master ties its legs.

Comparable in size to the wire-haired terrier, the Lacey dog is, as the Llano ranchers say, "tough as a boot, hard as nails, and enduring as a pocket knife." There is no breed register for these dogs. Only the opinions of Hill Country ranchmen judge these tireless little animals.

I asked Johnnie Click what makes a good hog dog.

"Hard to say," said Johnnie, biting off the end of a mesquite twig. "Sorta like a prizefighter, I reckon. Got to pack a wallop when it comes to the pay-off. Hard to put your finger on just how they do it. Got to have style in handling themselves, else end up ripped to pieces."

Johnnie pointed to a mouse-colored dog standing several yards away.

"Take Old Smoky there," Johnnie said.

The dog cocked his head to one side as he heard his name spoken.

"Now, that dog's what I call a good one," Johnnie continued. "He's ready to go. Watch this."

Johnnie raised his voice.

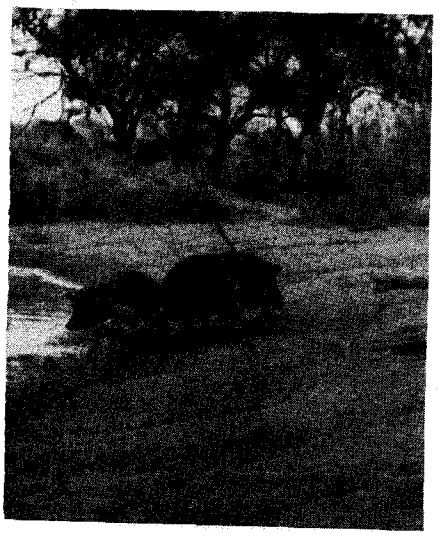
"Sooey, boy. Hunt 'em up, Smoky!"

The dog wheeled, his head high, nostrils dilating, eyes flashing. He barked, looked at his master, and whined.

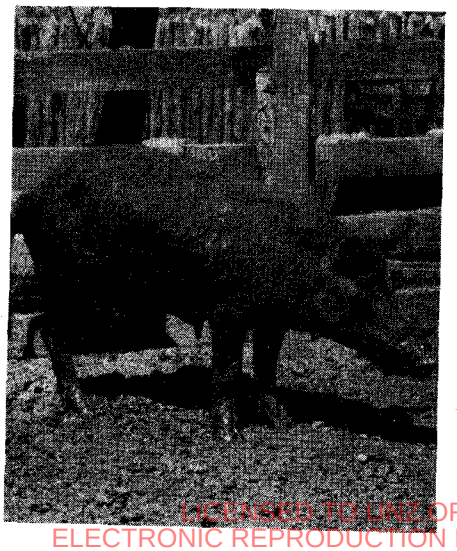
"He's ready," laughed Johnnie as he walked over to pat the dog's head. "A good hog dog spars some," Johnnie continued, "but he keeps 'em bunched. After they're set, the dog's got to start leading out. Hard to say what makes a good Lacey.

(Continued on page 44)

chances as he "rallys" this bunch of Llano range hogs.



The typical Hill Country range hog. This six-year-old sow was penned for the first time in her life shortly before this photo was made.



These wild range hogs attempt to hide in a corner of the corral while a ranchhand pours feed in the trough.

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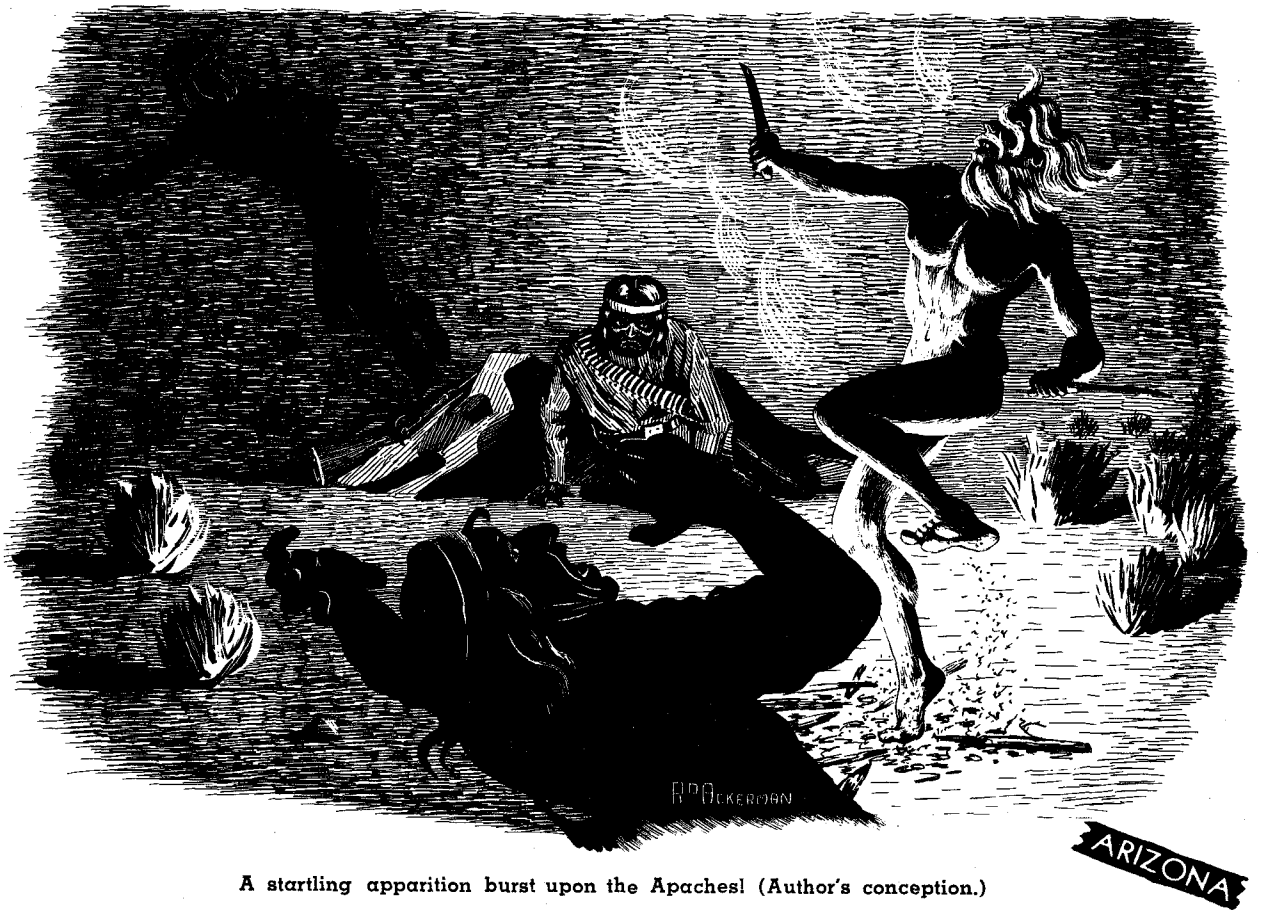

A startling apparition burst upon the Apaches! (Author's conception.)

Was he merely cunning or crazy as a coot, the bearded, wild-eyed hermit known as the

MADMAN OF THE SUPERSTITIONS

By R. O. ACKERMAN

THE year was 1872—height of an exciting era in old Arizona Territory.

The scene was the Superstition Range—luridly famous for its long series of unexplained murders, which still occur at intervals.

The tall, muscular, red-haired stranger, leading his burros up the trail, was destined to add a startling chapter to the history of this mysterious area.

Few people have heard of Elisha M. Reavis. This is hardly surprising. He was to become locally famous as the homicidal hermit whom no Apache marauder would dare attack—during a period when Apache uprisings held most of the Territory in a grip of terror! However, the Superstition area was to achieve national renown just a few years later because of the "Dutchman's Lost Mine." The Reavis story, though overshadowed by that of Jacob Walzer, is equally fascinating but in a different manner.

To those of us who have lived in that region for years, there are a number of interesting stories just waiting for expression. That of Madman Reavis, for example, certainly requires no exaggeration or embellishment to stand as a fascinating bit of Western lore.

Where Elisha M. Reavis lived prior to 1872, no one ever learned. Why he chose to settle in the most remote part of the Superstitions was also a mystery. But there he settled, and there he died—and that was to be the greatest mystery of all!

It might enhance our story to report that Reavis was a prospector, or perhaps a trapper. We regret to say that his vocation was no more romantic than raising vegetables. At infrequent intervals he would pack his string of burros, whistle up his four black shepherd dogs, and start the long trip to Globe, Silver King, or other mining communities. There he would sell his vegetables, buy needed supplies, and start the trek back. Mrs. Couch, now of Phoenix, remembers him stopping by her parents' corral on his way to Globe. He would not enter a house, so her mother would send dinner out to him. He would leave vegetables in repayment, including the first purple cabbage ever raised anywhere in this region.

The description of Reavis, by Mrs. Couch and other early settlers, is a weird list of contradictions. All agree that he was tall and erect, with strangely piercing blue eyes. He was not at all sociable and seemed always impatient to return to his secluded cabin, in the extreme heights of the Superstitions. However, he did unbend somewhat toward children, and it was then that he was revealed to be an educated and cultured man. He could discuss world affairs, books, foreign lands and their strange religions, etc.

In direct contrast to these glimpses of his culture, however, was his unkempt appearance. It is said that he never had a

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haircut in twenty-five years, and his long beard was matted and filthy. When one pair of pants wore completely out, he would simply pull another pair on right over the old ones!

He seemed constantly watchful, and his heavy single-shot rifle was never far from his hand.

IT was during the Apache uprisings of the 70's and 80's that Reavis first made a name for himself. He did not relish *anyone* skulking around his mountaintop homestead, least of all the Apaches. Therefore, it was not surprising that he drilled one through the head, leaving the body where it dropped.

After a couple of days in a hot sun, other Indians had little difficulty in locating their former comrade. As they attempted to remove the remains, Reavis chalked up two more clean hits . . . retiring the side.

After reinforcements arrived, the maurauders made a determined attack on the stout little cabin. The big redhead was firmly entrenched, however, with an unerring eye and plenty of gleaming .45-70 cartridges for his so-called "needle-gun" and shorter carbine. (Not to be confused with the gun-collector's Prussian needle-fire rifle, this was an authentic local colloquialism for the familiar trapdoor Springfield during that period.)

Unable to dislodge the recluse, the war-party laid siege to the cabin. Night fell, and true to Apache custom, active hostilities were temporarily suspended. The Indians built a fire in a sheltered spot not far from where their intended victim lay. The night was very quiet, under a rising full moon. Secure in their assurance of ultimate victory, it is quite possible that glossy black heads nodded which should have stayed alert. . . .

Suddenly, the delusive peace was shattered by an unearthly series of yells . . . high-pitched . . . fearsome . . . spine-crawling! To the badly startled Apaches there appeared an apparition which would haunt their dreams till their dying days!

From the cabin burst a stark naked, red-bearded giant—large yellow teeth clicking as he gibbered and laughed insanely! He progressed in a series of animal-like leaps—straight into the glowing embers of the fire! Waving a butcher knife in each hand, the wild-eyed figure kicked smoking coals into the Apache faces!

There was but one thought in the superstitious Indian minds—to put plenty of distance between themselves and that hollow, mocking laughter—those mad, staring eyes!

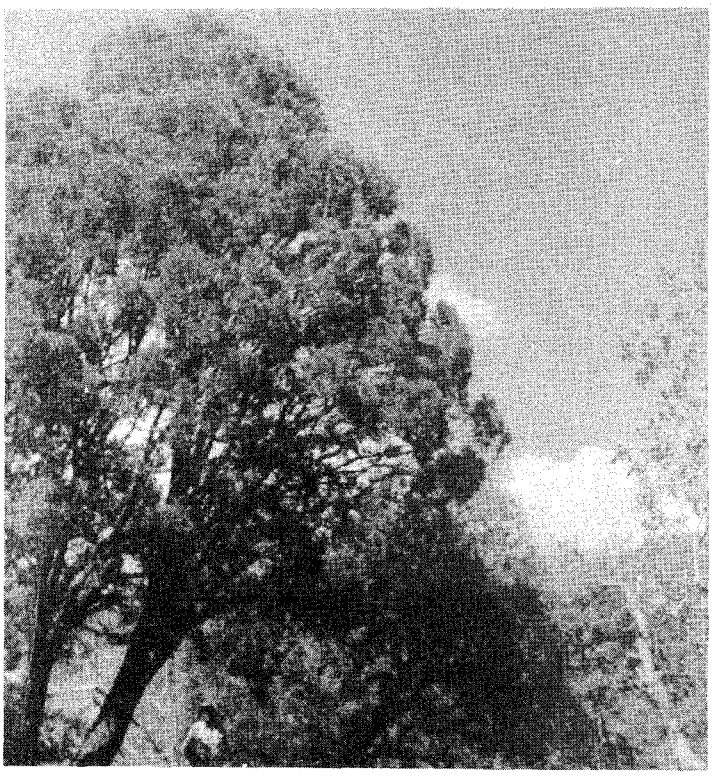
That was the end of the private war between Reavis and the Apaches. Though he shot several others whom he chanced to come across, wandering through his forbidding hills, never again did one raise a hand against him. After nightfall the bodies would be retrieved by friends, and that was that.

Once again, the Indian superstitions for which the mountain range is named had worked in a white settler's favor. In this case, it was the strong Apache belief that anyone harming a crazy man would come to a similar end himself.

For years, local opinion was divided upon the question of the Reavis mentality. Was he actually deranged, or did it merely suit his convenience to pretend so? Like everything else about this strange and secretive man, no one will ever really know.

ELISHA REAVIS lived an enigma, and, as we previously hinted, he died one. *(Continued on following page)*

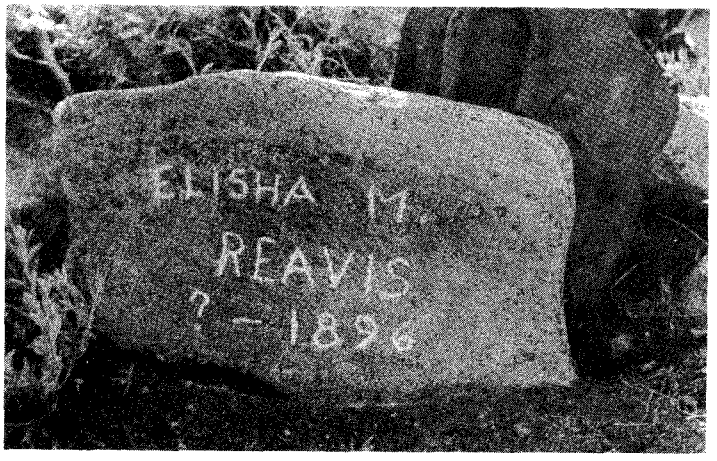
Entering the Superstitions. The larger saddle-burro was handy for packing a rifle and fording streams—otherwise we usually walked.



Under this huge and ancient juniper, overhanging the burro trail on the heights of the Superstitions, the "madman's" decapitated body was found.

Herman Petrasch remembers, as a boy, helping to bury the Dutchman of the Superstitions.

A rough headstone is better than none.



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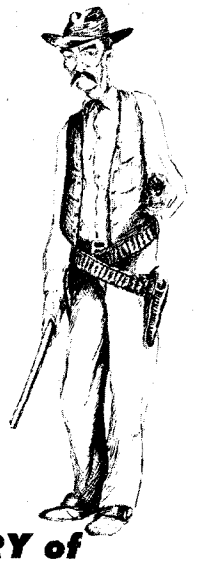

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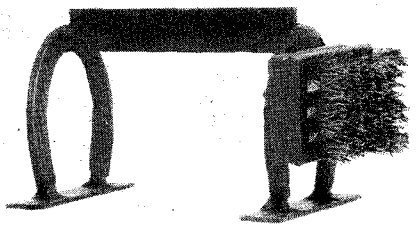

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Madman of the Superstitions

(Continued from preceding page)

The long red hair and beard had turned to white now, and some of his very few friends were worried about his continuing to live alone.

There is some disagreement concerning the exact date and details of his death, but all agree upon the major circumstances. The man who found him is variously identified as James Dellabaugh, Will Knight, or John Neighbors. However, in April of 1896, one of these friends knew that Reavis had started on a pack trip "outside." When he failed to show up at the J. J. Fraser ranch or any of several others upon his route, the friend started backtracking. High up in the timber country, only five miles from his cabin, Reavis' decomposing body was found lying in a dead campfire. The head was missing, and was later found some distance away. Elisha Reavis was the first of a long series of persons to be found in that manner—with a surprising percentage of them headless—the latest ones in very recent years!

Reavis' burros were tied up. Some were starving, others were already dead. Deputy Sheriff Benson took a Judge and a coroner's jury of four men up there in a buckboard. Not a cent of money was ever found, either upon the body or at the cabin. While this pointed to murder, their on-the-spot inquest could not determine the cause of death. The old man was rolled in his blanket and buried, just behind the large juniper under which he was found. Oddly enough, there is an early Indian ruin at that spot, and Reavis found a last resting place among men of an ancient civilization—about whom we know little more than we do of him.

* * *

The author's painstaking research led to a series of other interesting and unexpected discoveries. Several of these were of sufficient interest to warrant mention here.

First of all, we gleaned everything relevant from the old records in the Arizona Museum, with which we were connected at the time. We then interviewed Mrs. Couch, Mrs. Armer, Mr. Walker (now deceased) and others—most of whom had known *both* Reavis and Walzer. Though the questions were of Reavis, these territorial settlers naturally spoke often of Jacob Walzer. As they generously shared their earlier memories with us, the famed Dutchman emerged as a very real individual rather than a legend. In place of the burly, white-bearded prospector that is always envisioned, they described a tall, courtly, sad-eyed gentleman—beardless, with a dark mustache, and a sallow complexion that suggested TB. Probably for that reason, he never drank in earlier years—though he would offer a glass of wine to a guest. This is the man whom uninformed writers describe as roaring into town for a periodical hell-ripping jag!

Among our informants was the one man living who knew him best—Herman Petrasch, whom Mr. Barnard mentioned as having saved the Dutchman's life and who later buried him in the Petrasch family lot. Herein lies a story within a story...

THE author felt it advisable to trace further the odd circumstances of Reavis' death, and to obtain all pertinent photos. Therefore, accompanied by a friend, a ten-day pack trip was made into the Superstitions and clear up to the Reavis ranch. Each of us had varying goals, including some little-known cliff dwellings in Rogers Canyon which feature logs obviously hewn with stone axes. The extreme aridity has kept them in an amazing state of preservation.

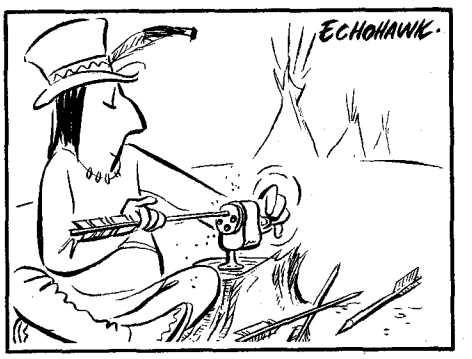
On this pack trip, we had a long and rewarding visit with the 88-year-old Mr. Petrasch. Like his predecessors Reavis and Walzer, Herman Petrasch prefers to live alone—yet is far from the popular conception of a hermit. In his lonely shack in the Superstitions, a radio keeps him informed of world events. He subscribes to the *Manchester Guardian* from England, preserving the tradition of culture that has marked all three of these recluses. His mail and supplies are picked up by Billy Martin, a rancher whose place was formerly the Silver King stage station.

Bill is a gentleman whose integrity is unquestioned by his legion of friends, and it was from him that some parts of the Reavis story were revealed for the first time. Upon reliable directions from Martin and Petrasch, we were able to locate the Reavis grave beyond question, several days later. There your writer was privileged to carve a belated headstone for Elisha M. Reavis, using a flat rock and several constantly resharpened horseshoe nails. To the average person, that wind-swept mountaintop is as remote as Mars, yet it was with a deep sense of satisfaction that the stone was lowered into place.

There were other moments that made mere research seem secondary. Some were of doubtful profit, like the dead cow in the only available drinking water, a couple of rather irritable rattlers, or the night-prowling varmint that panicked the hobbled burros. On the other side of the ledger was the long, corroded copper cartridge case picked up by the writer in remote Rogers Canyon. It was an *inside*-primed centerfire of extremely obsolete type, and of the exact caliber used in the Dutchman's Sharps carbine! Perhaps only a coincidence, but certainly a startling one.

All of this was several years ago. If Herman Petrasch is living, he would be in his 90's. If not, we sincerely hope that the grand old gentleman has finally found his lost gold mine in a form that is not for us mortals to understand.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Editors of TRUE WEST have raised the question: Could Reavis actually have raised fruit and vegetables high in the rocky, arid Superstitions? The answer is yes. I mention several times in my article that Reavis lived high up in the timber country. The same natural moisture that would support heavy timber would easily support much smaller fruit trees and certainly vegetables. R.D.A.



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HAWKS OF THE DESERT

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

The year 1881 marked the beginning of the end for the harried Apaches. 1881 also saw Geronimo rise to prominence as a leader — the implacable Mimbreno warrior namd by General Crook as "The Human Tiger."

SYNOPSIS:

Down through their warlike history, the Apaches fought to live. That was the Apache way of life, as stated in a council speech by their great chief, Cochise. Victorio, the Apaches' finest tactician, and fanatical old Nana followed Cochise in keeping to the same stern tradition.

In 1881, after ten years of uneasy peace, violence flared anew between the whites and the Apaches. Nok-e-da-klinne, powerful medicine man of the White Mountain Apaches, was killed by troopers after his arrest on charges of inciting war with his medicine dances. The death of Nok-e-da-klinne set the stage for the last grim phase of the Apache Wars in the Southwest.

CONCLUSION

General George Crook returned to the Southwest in 1882 after an absence of eight years on military service in the North. Crook had failed to cover himself with glory in the now-finished campaign against the Sioux, having been well whipped in the Battle of the Rosebud in 1876. Certainly no heroic figure against the Sioux, Crook nevertheless understood Apaches. Conversely, the Apaches understood *Nan-tan* Lupan — even liked him, in fact. Captain Bourke, who faithfully recorded the occasion of Crook's return in his book, notes the joy and relief with which the harried Apaches greeted the General upon his return. Crook's old scout, Alchise, told him earnestly: "When you left, we were all content; everything was peace. The officers you had here were all taken away and new ones came in—a different kind. Perhaps we were to blame, perhaps they were, but anyway we hadn't any confidence in them."

Bourke further dryly notes that... "No one had ever heard the Apaches' story, and no one seemed to care whether they had a story or not."

Crook proceeded in his usual leisurely, methodical manner to make sweeping changes. He rode his mule into the hills to visit bitter and disillusioned chiefs, smoke with them in their wickiups, and hear their story. The General listened carefully, made notes, promised to help them. He kept his promise, even to the point of forcibly expelling white squatters and miners from the reservations. He reorganized the Agency police, and insisted that all male Indians on the reservation be counted regularly. Finally, on October 5 at Fort Whipple, Crook was ready to state his Indian policy. His General Orders follow:

"The commanding General, after making a thorough and exhaustive examination among the Indians... regrets to say that he finds among them a general feeling of distrust and want of confidence in the whites, especially the soldiery; and also that much dissatisfaction, dangerous to the peace of the country, exists among them. Officers and soldiers ... are reminded that one of the fundamental principles of the military character is justice to all—Indians as well as white men—and that a disregard of this principle is likely to bring about hostilities, and cause the deaths of the very persons they are sent here to protect. In all their dealings with the Indians, officers must be careful not only to preserve the strictest fidelity, but to make no promises not in their power to carry out; all grievances arising in their jurisdiction should be redressed, so that an accumulation of them may not cause an outbreak."

General Crook's humanitarian methods may well have succeeded in promoting peace and prosperity among the Apaches had it not been for one man—Geronimo, whom Crook called "The Human Tiger." Geronimo's Apache name — Gokliya — meant He-Who-Yawns, but Crook's appellation was by far the more appropriate title for this hard-bitten warrior who hated all white men with a seething, implacable hatred.

Yet, in simple justice, Geronimo had ample cause for his hatred of the whites. As a young Mimbreno warrior under Mangas Colorado, Geronimo had returned to his village from a peaceful trading

(Continued on following page)

Geronimo and his warriors. Photo made before the surrender to General Crook on March 27, 1886.

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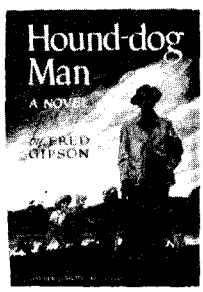

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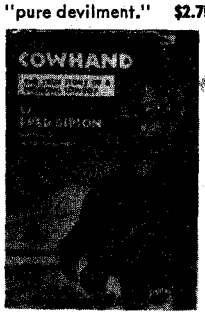

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

trip to Janos to find that, in the absence of the fighting men, most of the women and children in the camp had been massacred by the forces of General Carasco, military Governor of the neighboring state of Sonora. Among the dead, Geronimo discovered his mother, his young wife, and three children.

On that terrible day in 1858, Geronimo stood over the bodies of his murdered family and swore undying vengeance on all white men everywhere, Mexicans and Americans alike. Every year thereafter, from 1858 to 1873, Geronimo led war parties into Mexico. Uncounted hundreds of Mexicans paid with their lives for the tragedy of Geronimo's life, yet his vengeance remained unsated. Whole towns were looted by his flying raiders, and unnumbered women were carried off into captivity. The destruction over the years was incalculable.

Ben Wittick Collection — Santa Fe, N. M.

Mangas, son of Mangas Colorado, never achieved the fame won by his famous father.

After three years of sullen peace, from 1873 to 1876, Geronimo rebelled fiercely against the Americans. Sporadically, thereafter, Geronimo led outbreaks against the whites. In September of 1881, his wild young braves killed Albert Sterling, chief of the Agency Police, and headed for Mexico. On the way, they met and defeated a detachment of the 6th Cavalry. Such was the tense situation when Crook arrived in the Southwest in 1882.

The Gray Wolf knew that Geronimo represented the greatest obstacle in the path of peace. The man was a fanatic, whose life was dedicated to revenge. His grim face showed the searing effect of years of bitter hatred—in the black, burning eyes set deep beneath the low, furrowed forehead; in the straight, cruel gash of a mouth above the broad chin. He was most dangerous in his sinister influence upon others; Chato, Nachite, Loco, and the ancient Nana had all accompanied him on this latest dash into Mexico.

Deep in the mountains south of the border, Geronimo called a council with the four chiefs to map out strategy against the whites. Chato, with twenty-six warriors, took to the war trail first. Sweeping far into Arizona and New Mexico, his most notable and despicable deed on this raid was his callous murder of Judge H. C. McComas and wife, and the kidnaping of their small son Charles. The McComas family was killed in Thompson's Canyon, near the Gila River, on the morning of March 28, 1883, while en route by buckboard from Silver City to Leitendorf. The Judge was shot, Mrs. McComas brutally clubbed to death, and the six-year-old boy carried off by the Indians.

General Crook moved swiftly to round up the hostile Apaches after this outrage. Chato had fled back to Mexico for sanctuary, not aware that a new international treaty had been made between Mexico and the United States, permitting troops of either nation to operate on both sides of the border at will. Taking the field himself, Crook led a troop of cavalry and Captain Crawford's famed battalion of Indian scouts into Mexico on May 1.

The trail led south into the Sierra Madre. On May 15, Crawford's scouts attacked an Apache *rancheria* in the mountains, scattering the defending warriors and taking a number of prisoners. A tragic sidelight to the fight was disclosed when it became known that little Charley McComas was in the *rancheria* at the moment of attack. Frightened by the yelling and shooting, he ran into the woods and was never seen again.

The warriors defeated by Crawford's scouts spread the news that Nan-tan Lupan was in Mexico. A week later, 260 Apaches came into Crook's camp and surrendered. Old Nana, so crippled with age and rheumatism that he could hardly sit his horse, was among the lot. Chato was there, and several subchiefs. Geronimo, Nachite, and Loco came to Crook's camp three days later to surrender their rifles and announce themselves at peace.

General Crook was trusted implicitly by the Apaches—even Geronimo himself admitted that the Gray Wolf spoke always with a straight tongue. Crook trusted the Apaches in return. By mutual agreement, the General started back for San Carlos with the women, children, and old men. The warriors were allowed time to round up their stock and follow. Both Crook and the warriors carried out their bargain exactly, a striking indication of what could be done with Indians if they were treated as human beings rather than as dangerous wild animals.

Geronimo, the irreconcilable, touched off the final bloody phase of the long-drawn-out Apache troubles. Ominous friction appeared at San Carlos reservation with the appointment of a new Agent in December, 1884. *Tiswin* drinking had been banned by General Crook, and the ban had been enforced by the previous Agent—but now the Apaches began turning out batches of this intoxicating beer made from fermented corn mash. The drinking went on all winter. On May 17, 1885, Geronimo, old Nana, Nachite, the son of Cochise, and Mangas, the son of Mangas Colorado,

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Council between General Crook and Geronimo, 1886. Geronimo faces the camera at left center; Crook is second from right.

suddenly left the reservation with 32 warriors and 100 women and children. Lieutenant Davis, with his scouts, chased the fugitives. The troopers got close enough to the fleeing Apaches to exchange a few long-range shots before Geronimo and his followers got across the line into Mexico.

For the next four months, operating from one of the old Apache hideouts in the Sierra Madre, Geronimo carried on a series of raids on both sides of the border. Official U. S. records disclose that 73 American soldiers and settlers were killed during this period. The number of Mexican dead was unknown. Only six of the raiding warriors were killed in retaliation.

In Geronimo's band at this time was the former Government scout, Ulzana. No Indian in frontier history was better equipped to outwit the whites than Ulzana. Not only had he absorbed from childhood the elusive tactics of the Apache warrior, but he had also learned much from the white soldiers in the way of tactics and strategy. So confident was Ulzana of his ability to elude and befuddle the U. S. Cavalry that he launched a raid into the United States with only ten warriors.

Eleven grim, shadowy figures crossed the line at night into Arizona early in November, 1885, to spread death and destruction among the White Eyes. Knowing that all the water holes were guarded, Ulzana never approached them. Paul Wellman, in his book *Death on the Desert,* tells how the Apaches managed for drinking water: "A horse, having gone as far as it could stumble, was killed, and the small intestine taken out. Cleaned . . . this receptacle was filled with water and thirty or forty feet of it wrapped around the body of a led horse. It contained enough water to last a band of Apaches for days."

Moving only at night, hiding out during the day, Ulzana headed north for the Gila River. Pursuing cavalry toiled after him for days, only to be baffled by the ancient scattered quail trick. At first the soldiers would be trailing eleven Apaches, then nine, then six, then suddenly—none! The quarry had disappeared, leaving no trail on the rocky ground.

Neither white men nor Indians ever expected Apaches to attack at night; therefore Ulzana attacked the village of the White Mountain Apaches, near Fort Apache, at night. The raiders hated the "white man's Indians," as they contemptuously called the now-peaceful White Mountains. In this savage attack upon a branch of their own tribe, the hostiles killed twelve of the villagers while losing but one of their own number. Before troops arrived from Fort Apache, the bloody work was done and the raiders had vanished.

Now, alerted by the telegraph, all frontier posts leaped to action. Detachments of cavalry from Fort Apache, Fort Thomas, Fort Bowie and Camp Grant hit the saddle to take up the hunt. The raiders' trail led straight south toward the border.

Near Solomonville, the Apaches killed two settlers before turning east toward the Gila Valley. By this unexpected maneuver, Ulzana neatly eluded a cavalry ambush set for him in the valley between the Dragoon and Whetstone Mountains. General Crook himself had planned the trap, knowing that this was the Indians' natural route to Mexico. But the crafty Gray Wolf forgot that Ulzana had studied the workings of the military mind while a Government scout. Always he was thinking far ahead, guessing the soldiers' strategy with uncanny success and skillfully plotting his own countermoves.

(Continued on following page)

General Crook, the Gray Wolf. Frontier Pix

"The Human Tiger," Geronimo. Frontier Pix

General Miles, who accepted Geronimo's final surrender. Frontier Pix

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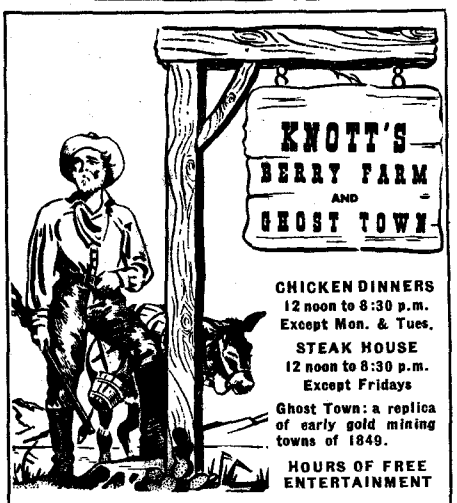

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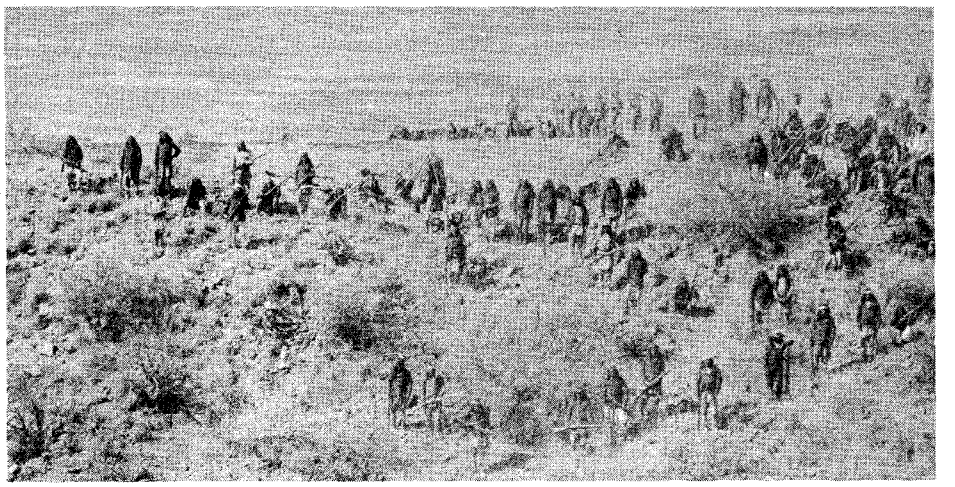

Frontier Pix

A company of U.S. Indian Scouts under Lt. Maus. Photo was made about the time of Geronimo's surrender.

Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

Into New Mexico fled the handful of raiders, with a thousand troopers chasing them. On December 9th and 10th, Ulzana's little band killed four ranchers on the upper Gila. Soldiers drew close enough to the raiders to catch the mirror-flashes of scouts signaling their approach. Quirting their played-out horses furiously, the cavalry drove on. They found an abandoned camp, a few gaunt, worn-out ponies, some plunder left behind by the Apaches—but not a sign of a warrior, not a single moccasin track. Again, the quarry had vanished without a trace.

General Crook was frantic. He recalled Captain Crawford from campaigning in Mexico to run down Ulzana. The hunt continued.

Reappearing like suddenly materialized wraiths, the ten Apaches boldly attacked a detachment of the 8th Cavalry in Dry Creek Canyon on December 19th. Doctor Maddox and four troopers were killed before the hostiles vanished, again without losing a man.

Troops converged on the spot. Crook and Crawford anxiously conferred, deciding that Ulzana would head south for Mexico through the country lying between the Chiricahua and Peloncillo Ranges. The General and Captain Crawford mapped out a pincers movement, in the best tradition of West Point strategists. Five troops of cavalry moved on a forced march to reach the indicated area to intercept the raiders. Lieutenant Scott and his company of Navajo scouts acted as the mobile jaw of the pincers, trailing the fleeing hostiles and driving them steadily toward the cavalry barricade ahead.

Four bodies of slain white men dotted the fugitives' trail as they drove on through New Mexico and into Arizona, toward the waiting cavalry ambush in the rugged passes between the Chiricahuas and the Peloncillos. For once the white man's strategy seemed to be working—and then the unpredictable happened. Lieutenant Scott's Navajo scouts—fearing the Apaches as they feared the Devil—suddenly mutinied and refused to go on. Scott raged at them, threatening them with the firing squad for insubordination. He was still trying desperately to get them moving again when Nature took the issue out of his hands. Snow began falling, rapidly increasing in intensity. The heavy snowstorm lasted for three days, wiping out all tracks. Ulzana's little band by-passed the ambushing cavalry in the storm, crossing the mountains into Sonora.

Ulzana's Raid remains an epic in the history of warfare, absolutely unparalleled in skill of maneuver and quality of human endurance. In the short span of one month, these ten Apaches rode 1200 miles through hostile country, living off the land as they traveled. The list of their accomplishments read: Thirty-eight whites killed, an unknown number wounded, 250 horses and mules captured. With an assist from the mutinous Navajo scouts and from the weather, they returned safely to Mexico. On the long, arduous raid, constantly beset by danger, hunger and thirst, they lost only one man—and he had been killed by the White Mountain Apaches in the attack near Fort Apache.

The spectacular success of Ulzana proved to the military mind that Army methods of fighting Apaches had to be drastically changed. As a direct result of Ulzana's incredible exploit, Captain Crawford's Indian Battalion was formed. Composed of Mimbreno and White Mountain Apaches, together with a few Chiricahuas, the battalion was commanded by white officers. Some officials feared that the Indian Battalion would revolt, murder its officers, and go on the warpath the first chance it got. Others called this possibility a calculated risk to be accepted in the line of duty. Captain Crawford himself had no such qualms. "At last," he exulted, "we will fight fire with fire—Apache with Apache! There is no other way on God's earth to run these raiders down."

By mid-November the Indian Battalion was in Mexico, working its way expertly across the Sierra Madre in search of Geronimo. A tip picked up in a Mexican village indicated that the dread killer was deep in Sonora with an unknown number of warriors. Crawford, with 78 of his best scouts, moved on south through the Espinosa del Diablo Mountains. On January 9, 1886, advance scouts flashed back word to the C. O. that an Apache *rancheria* had been discovered in a mountain gorge. The scouts mover forward noiselessly throughout the night. Before dawn, all 78 were crouched on the cliffs above the *ranch-*

(Continued on page 30)

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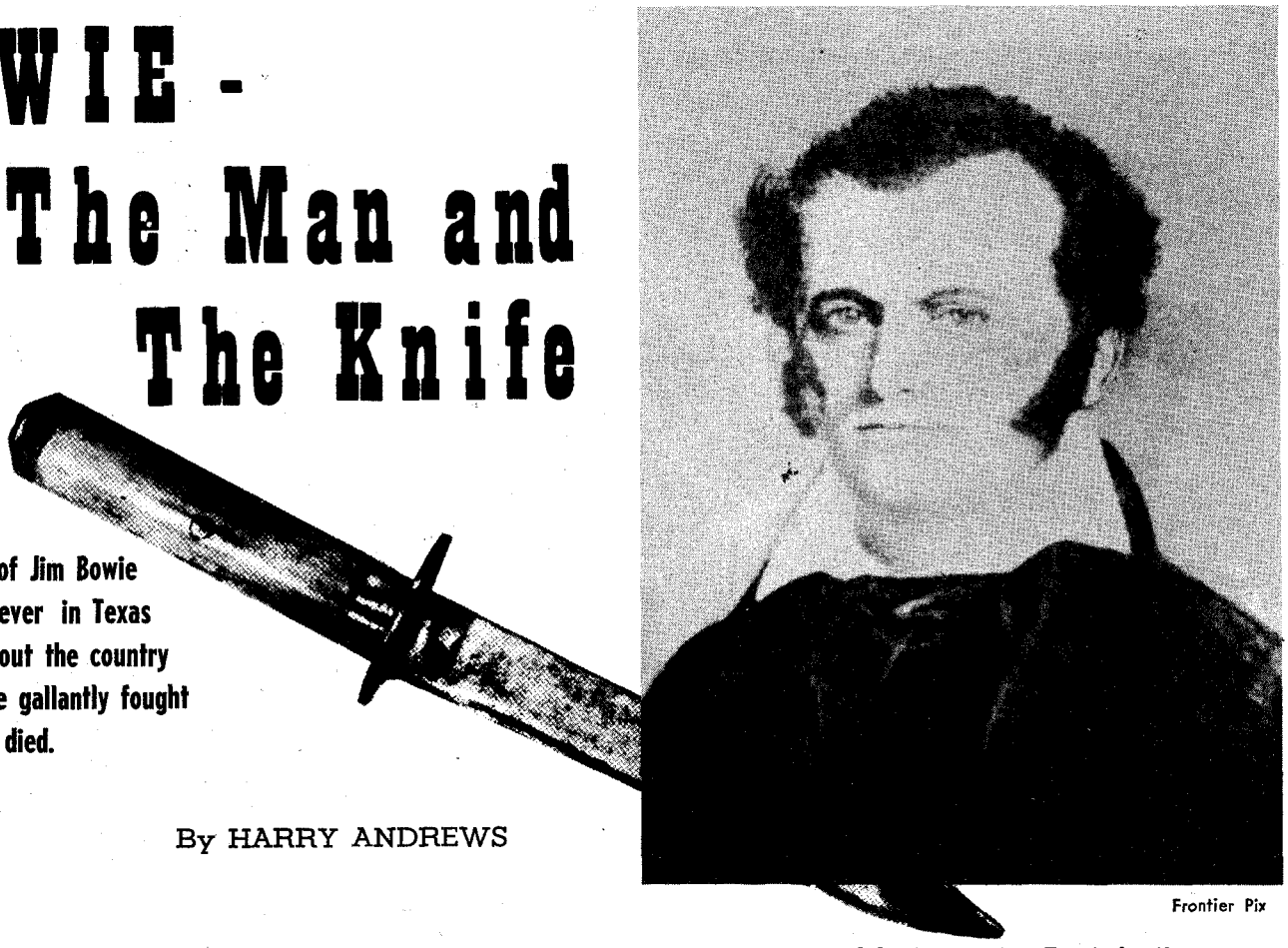
BOWIE - The Man and The Knife



The legend of Jim Bowie will live forever in Texas and throughout the country for which he gallantly fought and bravely died.

By HARRY ANDREWS

Frontier Pix

AS turbulent as the country whence it comes, the story of the Bowies is a complex mixture of fact and myth. Any recital of the deeds of the brothers must include numerous references to the keen blade to which they gave their name. Colorful fabrications of tellers of tall tales have linked the Bowies and their knife forever to the folklore of the Southwest. The men themselves hewed a deep notch in the log of American history.

As a dueling weapon, the bowie knife indisputably has no peer at close quarters. Its gory execution at arm's length has been heralded in the song and story of the West. As a side arm, the blade occupies a place on the same high pedestal with the Colt revolver. But the Bowie knife had carved for itself a deadly and deathless reputation long before Sam Colt, the seafaring inventor, whittled from the soft wood of packing cases on shipboard his first crude model of the revolver.

Throughout an expanse of semi-wilderness extending from Kentucky to Texas, the knife was an essential companion to powder horn and ramrod. Its ten-to-fifteen inch blade was as useful for skinning game as it was for the more dangerous and exciting pastime of scalping savages. It was more prized as a general camp tool than as a weapon.

Stories from the bayou country of Louisiana, where the Bowies, emigrants from Georgia, grew to manhood and from the Southwest, in whose history they played so definite and important a part, assert that the brothers carried to their graves undivulged a secret process for tempering the flat, thin steel strips from which Rezin, blacksmith brother of the more famous James, fashioned the knives. Today there is no reason to believe that the blades made at the Bowie forge were of a superior quality in steel or workmanship to those fashioned by any of the other frontier smithies.

Despite the opinion generally prevailing, James Bowie was not an habitual drunkard nor duelist. Fierce of eye, fair-haired and tall, he was soft-spoken but firm. He, like most men of his time, imbibed of hard liquor. Unlike most men of any era, he knew when he had enough. Never besodden nor quarrelsome, he was the type men instinctively know not to antagonize.

THERE is no authentication of his ever having used a knife in a barroom brawl. The reputation that the bowie-knife has earned as a dueling weapon can be attributed to men occupying a station far lower in the hall of frontier fame than history has placed James Bowie.

Only on one occasion did either of the Bowie brothers ever use the keen blade bearing their name as other than a hunting knife. In 1827, James Bowie was shot down from ambush on a sandbar in the Mississippi River. Severely wounded, Bowie feigned death until his assailant stood over him ready to deliver the *coup de grace*. He then grasped the legs of his foe, drew his knife, and plunged it into the heart of his enemy. History has left no details regarding events preceding the affray. Several persons were involved, but Rezin apparently was not in the fight.

After recovering from the wound suffered in the sandbar brush, Bowie is alleged to have engaged in a profitable traffic in slaves purchased from the pirate, LaFitte, and resold in New Orleans. Considerable mystery shrouds his life at this period, but he is known to have entertained sumptuously. The Crescent City knew him as a genial host, a splendid companion for an evening of revelry.

That he was a man of action is proved by the fact that his favorite sport was lassoing and riding alligators. About this time legend has him emerging the victor from countless duels fought in darkened rooms. These tales have his strong arm and keen blade blending superhumanly in the deft removal of human viscera.

Without giving a reason for his action, James, accompanied by Rezin, suddenly deserted the gayety of New Orleans and settled in Texas. There he became a naturalized citizen and dabbled sporadically in politics.

IN 1830 he married Ursula de Verimendi, daughter of the vice-governor of Texas and Coahuila. This union promoted him to a high political standing and, among other enterprises, he became interested in a woolen mill.

Less than a year after his marriage, the lust for adventure overwhelmed man's inherent subjection to the amatory caresses of boudoir life and the monotony of politics. Leaving his bride in the care of her father, Bowie, accompanied by Rezin, seven friends, and two negro slaves, set out in search of the fabulously rich lost silver mines of the San Saba. That the call for adventure was predominant over the desire for riches is attested to by the fact that by this time James Bowie was comfortably wealthy and powerful enough politically to enjoy a position of leisure in San Antonio, from where the party began the adventure.

(Continued on following page)

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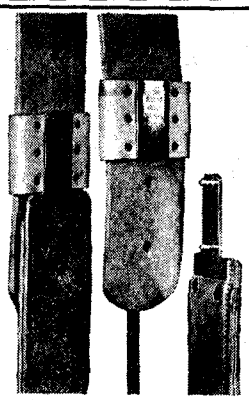

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Bowie—The Man and the Knife

(Continued from preceding page)

The group was twelve days out of San Antonio when attacked by a roving band of hostile Indians, numbering about one hundred and fifty warriors.

Though his hard-bitten followers beat off and out-distanced the initial assault of the Indians, Bowie realized that his small force stood no chance in a prolonged fight against the scalp-hungry braves. Prodded by the nettling spurs of desperation, he tried to push on to an old fort on the San Saba River. With mounts well laden and badly jaded from days of rough traveling, it was impossible to cover before nightfall the thirty miles that separated the prospectors from this haven of safety.

At dusk a grove of oaks was the best available place for a camp. Bowie drew his men into the scant protection the grove afforded. After hastily picketing their mounts and throwing up makeshift breastworks, the men prepared for a prolonged siege. Except for being awakened to take turns at sentry duty, the group was undisturbed during the night.

The next morning Rezin Bowie and a comrade named Buchanan were invited to visit the camp of the Indians for a parley. Hoping for an agreement that would permit them to continue their trip or return to San Antonio without a fight against such overwhelming odds, Rezin and his companion advanced to within fifty yards of the braves, halted, and threw up their hands in friendly salutation.

WITHOUT warning, the braves poured a deadly hail of lead about them. Buchanan fell with a broken leg. With lips drawn tight against teeth set hard in desperation, Rezin shouldered his wounded companion and under a withering fire made his way uninjured to the shelter of the oaks. There, without benefit of surgical skill, Buchanan's wound was dressed.

The fight now began in earnest. The white men, with rifles soon heated to the danger point, gave a good account of themselves, but their combined courage and efficiency could not match the overwhelming difference in number. By nightfall the position of the fortune-seekers was indeed precarious.

With little water and short rations, Bowie's party withstood the siege for eight days. Finally, on the eighth night, for some unknown reason the Indians rode off into the darkness. The little party slept the tranquil sleep of exhaustion known only to men who have felt the noose of death about their necks suddenly severed by the keen blade of fate.

The riches of the lost mines of the San Saba forgotten for the time, Bowie's party returned to San Antonio. There the wounds inflicted by the aborted expedition were salved. San Antonio was a frontier melting-pot of intrigue and adventure. Hardy men of the Bowie stamp experienced no difficulty in finding exciting new interests.

James Bowie rendered invaluable services to Texas in her war for independence from Mexico. His political connections were such that Sam Houston sought his advice before organizing the army of the infant republic. Bowie served as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention and was commissioned a colonel in the Texan army.

After several minor skirmishes with the Mexicans, which left no doubt as to his ability as a soldier, Colonel Bowie was dispatched, in February, 1836, to the aid of Colonel William Travis. Travis, in command of the Alamo, was besieged by a Mexican army outnumbering many times the force at his disposal.

Soon after arriving at the harassed fort, Bowie was seized by illness and was unable to take an active part in the heavy fighting that preceded the fall of the Alamo on March 6. The defenders were wiped out to a man in one of the most gallant episodes in the history of the formation of the United states.

THE brutality of the Mexican conquerors in dealing with the wounded Texans who survived the storming of the fort provides one of the bloodiest and most atrocious pages in history. The fate of James Bowie is a salient example of the hatred borne by the Mexicans for the men who had so valiantly resisted them.

Colonel Bowie, too weakened from his illness to rise from his cot, was found by a Mexican officer detailed to search for possible survivors. Santa Anna, the Mexican commander, was summoned to the bedside of the helpless Texan.

"Who is this?" Santa Anna is said to have asked.

"I think, sir, it is the infamous Colonel Bowie," a subordinate replied.

"Colonel Bowie! Then relieve him of his tongue!" Santa Anna coldly ordered.

There is no doubt that the sadistic order was executed. That there was no wavering in the courage of James Bowie is certain. The will of the man was as inflexible, as coldly tempered as the steel in the blade that carries his name into any discussion of the deeds or weapons of frontier heroes.

The Valhalla to which all brave men go, grew richer when the cold, blue eyes of James Bowie peered into the council fire around which gather the shades of frontier adventurers who cast the mold for our nation.

Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from page 28)

eria. The moment of attack was set for daybreak.

But Geronimo was lucky. Camp burros, in some inscrutable manner known only to their kind, detected the presence of enemies on the cliffs and sounded off in braying chorus. Crawford attacked at once, but the damage had been done. A few rifle shots fired at shadowy figures fleeing in the dim light—and the hostiles were gone. Grim with disappointment, Crawford ordered fires lit and breakfast made for his hungry men.

The fires were scarcely glowing before an old squaw arrived with a message from Geronimo and Nachite. The chiefs wanted to talk. Crawford agreed to a parley next day.

Before the appointed time, a stroke of evil luck befell the Indian Battalion. A force of Mexican irregulars, also hunting Geronimo, blundered into Crawford's advance scouts and fired on them, thinking them the hostiles. Captain Crawford, with Lieutenant Maus and Tom Horn, his Chief of Scouts, raced forward to stop the shooting. At Crawford's arrival, Major Corredor, the Mexican C.O., shouted to his men to stop firing. They obeyed—but just at that moment a Tarahumari

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scout cut loose one last slug that dropped Captain Crawford.

All hell broke loose. Shrieking their rage, Crawford's scouts riddled Major Corredor and three troopers before the others could escape. The mortally wounded commander was carried back to camp.

Lieutenant Maus met Geronimo in Crawford's place, but the wily Apache leader would not surrender. He knew of Crawford's mortal wound, and insisted that he would now talk only to General Crook. Maus finally told Geronimo that Crook would meet him in two moons at the San Bernardino Springs near the Arizona line in northeast Sonora. Geronimo agreed to the rendezvous, before slipping away in the darkness toward his camp.

The Indian Battalion headed back to the United States, accompanied by old Nana and eight of Geronimo's band who had voluntarily surrendered. Lieutenant Maus tried to bring out his wounded commander, but Captain Crawford died on the way. On the brink of probable success, the expedition had tragically failed because of Mexican blundering.

Scrupulously honoring the pledge given to Geronimo by Lieutenant Maus, General Crook met the Apache leader at San Bernardino Springs. After indignantly reciting the wrongs done his people by greedy Agents and lying interpreters —all of which was incontestably true— Geronimo wound up his speech by shaking hands with Crook and saying earnestly: "I surrender myself to you. We are all comrades, all one family, all one band. What others say I say also. I give myself up to you. Do with me what you please. I surrender. Once I moved about like the wind. Now I surrender to you, and that is all."

The parley ended then, with General Crook accepting Geronimo's surrender in good faith and sealing the pact with another handshake. The General advised the chief that he was leaving in a few days for Fort Bowie, and told him to follow as soon as he could. Geronimo agreed; and with a deep sense of relief Crook returned to his tent. It seemed that at long last the frightful Apache wars were over.

The assumption was premature. The night before Crook's scheduled departure, a frontier bootlegger named Tribolet arrived in Geronimo's camp lugging a keg of Painkiller. Before the resulting wild spree was over, Geronimo's liquor-crazed warriors had wrecked their camp and set the woods afire in their whooping madness. Chiefs Chihuahua and Ulzana withdrew their followers from Geronimo's ruined camp and stuck to their pledge of surrender. But Geronimo and Nachite, with twenty warriors and nineteen women and children, fled south through a slashing rain storm in the direction of the Sierra Madre.

"No, thanks! I'm drinking...!"

Heavy-hearted, General Crook returned to Fort Bowie. Eighty of the Apaches had kept their pledged word, accompanying the troops back to the reservation. Yet Geronimo's defection had in effect nullified all Crook's hard work at achieving peace. Greater disappointment was in store for the Gray Wolf. Wiring the terms of his agreement with the Apaches to his superior, General Phil Sheridan in Washington, Crook received Sheridan's curt orders to shelve the agreement and grant the fugitives unconditional surrender only.

Rather than break his pledged word to the Apaches, General Crook, on April 1, 1886, asked to be relieved of command of the Department of Arizona. General Sheridan promptly accepted his resignation and appointed General Nelson A. Miles in his place.

General Miles, conqueror of Chief Joseph in the Nez Perce War, set about the task of catching Geronimo with characteristic dash and determination. Five thousand troops and five hundred Indian scouts, split up into twenty-five detachments, fanned out over a vast terrain of desert and mountains, hunting the fierce-eyed chief and his tiny band. Captain H. W. Lawton led a picked "flying column" of scouts, whose sole objective was finding Geronimo's trail and hanging to it until they ran him down. Lawton's men were outfitted with the latest of modern equipment, including repeating rifles and the newly perfected heliograph for transmitting messages in the field by means of reflected sunlight.

Captain Lawton's keen-eyed Indian trailers didn't need to puzzle out Geronimo's whereabouts. On April 27 he announced his presence in the United States in typical fashion by staging a raid up the Santa Cruz Valley. His braves attacked a ranch, killed several cowboys, tortured the rancher's wife in the presence of her agonized husband, and carried off their thirteen-year-old daughter. Sweeping on, the raiders met and defeated a force of seventy Mexican irregulars. The girl escaped during the fighting and was found by rescuers hiding in the brush, terribly frightened but uninjured.

Geronimo swung again toward Mexico, leaving a swath of desolation in his wake. Mercilessly, the raiders destroyed every human being in their path before holing-up briefly in the Pinito Mountains in northern Sonora. A troop of the Tenth Cavalry reached them on May 5. Geronimo drove them back in a short, sharp skirmish and continued his southward flight.

Counting Mexican regulars and irregulars and armed civilians, there were now close to 10,000 men chasing Geronimo, Nachite, and their eighteen warriors (two had been killed on the trail). Hampered by their women and children, the desperate little band sped on.

On and on the grim hunt continued, over the jagged mountains and across the arid valleys that lay between. On

(Continued on following page)

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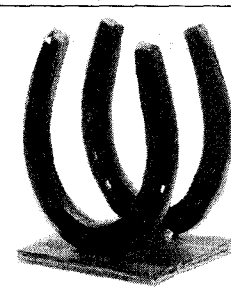

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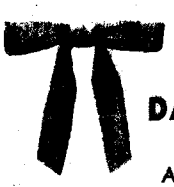

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

June 6, Lawton's advance scouts made contact with the fugitives, only to lose them after a brief running fight. But the weary Apaches lost much of their scanty food supply, their pony herd, and most of their ammunition. Now the end could not be long delayed—or so the jubilant Captain Lawton believed.

Yet more than two months were to elapse before Geronimo's capture. During this period General Miles ruthlessly herded the friendly Mimbrenos and Chihuahuas into Fort Apache on the pretext of being counted, rounded them up with soldiers, and shipped them off like cattle to miserable exile at Fort Marion, Florida. Now, more than ever, the wretched Apaches mourned the resignation of General Crook, who had never broken his pledged word to an Indian.

The end came quickly now. Two half-starved squaws of Geronimo's harried band entered Fronteras, in northeastern Sonora, to talk with Jose Maria, once a captive of the Apaches. Jose was off acting as an interpreter for Captain Lawton, but his wife took the squaws' urgent message: Geronimo was done fighting, he wished to surrender. The message was hurried to General Miles.

The General selected Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood and Ka-e-ta and Martine, two loyal Chiricahuas, for the important mission of meeting with the chief. His choice was an excellent one. Gatewood was noted for his skill and tact in dealing with Indians. Ka-e-ta had quit the hostiles of his own volition and returned to live peaceably near Fort Apache. Martine, a subchief and a highly intelligent man, had never fought the white men. His loyalty had never been questioned.

Lieutenant Gatewood, accompanied by Ka-e-ta, Martine, scout Tom Horn and the interpreter Jose Maria, left Fronteras on August 20, 1886, for the meeting with Geronimo. They followed the trail of the two squaws straight to the Apache camp on the Bavispe River. Martine and Ka-e-ta went in together to deliver Gatewood's message to Geronimo. The wary chief held Ka-e-ta as a hostage and sent Martine back to the Lieutenant with word that he would talk to him, alone, with no soldiers present.

The meeting took place in the river valley: Gatewood, Tom Horn, Jose Maria and Martine on one side; Geronimo and a few picked warriors on the other. (Neither Gatewood nor Geronimo had trusted the other enough to come to the rendezvous alone).

After the customary ceremonial pipe was smoked, Geronimo asked abruptly what terms General Miles would offer him to surrender. The chief was drawn, thin-bellied, and haggard, but his heavy jaw was set as grimly as ever and his black eyes blazed in the hollow caverns of their sockets. He clutched a Winchester repeating rifle in both hands. Gatewood knew that his life hung in the balance as he answered firmly:

"Surrender, and you will be sent with your families to Florida, there to await the decision of the President as to your final disposition."

Lieutenant Gatewood paused, meeting Geronimo's burning eyes unflinchingly. "Accept these terms or fight it out!"

Geronimo jerked as if stung. The muzzle of his rifle swung to cover Gatewood's breast—and the Lieutenant braced himself for the tearing shock of a bullet. The shot did not come—and Gatewood breathed again. The chief lowered the Winchester. "Give me a little time to talk things over with my warriors," he said hoarsely. Gatewood assented.

Within the hour Geronimo returned with Nachite. "We have talked things over," he said. "We have decided to fight to the death—unless we can be taken back to the reservation and there given land where we can raise our families."

Gatewood replied instantly, "It is too late to talk of that. You must surrender on General Miles' terms." Then the Lieutenant fired the clincher he had been saving for just this psychological moment. "Further resistance is useless. Your friends and relatives have already been shipped to Florida."

That was the shocker that broke Geronimo's will to resist. Flinging his arms wide in a gesture of despair, he cried out to Gatewood, "We want your advice. *Consider yourself not a white man, but one of us;* remember all that has been said today and tell us what we should do."

Gatewood, calming the exultant pounding of his heart with a mighty effort, steadily replied, "Trust General Miles and surrender to him."

Geronimo's shaggy head bowed. "Give me until tomorrow morning to make my answer."

Lieutenant Gatewood nodded. "You may have until tomorrow morning to give me your final decision. But no longer than that."

The Apaches accepted the unconditional surrender terms the next morning and started north with Gatewood to meet General Miles. Captain Lawton and his scouts had arrived the day before, and it was lucky for the Apaches that they had. The *prefect* of Fronteras, now that the dreaded raiders had surrendered, ordered his soldiers to massacre them on the spot. Lawton barked an order to his scouts to get ready to fight. The bloodthirsty *prefect* took a good look at Lawton's hard-bitten crew and changed his mind in a hurry.

On September 3, in Skeleton Canyon, occurred the historic meeting between Geronimo and General Miles. They provided a startling contrast: the trim, soldierly General and the ragged, emaciated Apache chieftain. They talked briefly, shook hands—and the fifty-year reign of Apache terror in the Southwest was over.

At Fort Bowie the surrendered Apaches were placed aboard a train to begin the long sad journey to Florida and imprisonment. The faithful scouts, Ka-e-ta and Martine, were herded on the train along with the others. Of this crowning piece of infamy, Captain Bourke scathingly wrote:

"Not a single Chiricahua had been killed, captured or wounded throughout the entire campaign—with two exceptions—unless by Chiricahua Apache scouts, who, like Chato, had kept the pledges given to General Crook in the Sierra Madre in 1883. The exceptions were: one killed by the White Mountain Apaches near Fort Apache, and one killed by a white man in northern Mexico. Yet every one of those faithful scouts—especially the two, Ki-e-ta (Ka-e-ta) and Martinez (Martine) who at imminent personal peril had gone into the Sierra Madre to hunt up Geronimo and induce him to surrender—were transplanted to Florida and there subjected to the same punishment as has been

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meted out to Geronimo. There is no more disgraceful page in the history of our relations with the American Indians than that which conceals the treachery visited upon the Chiricahuas who remained faithful in their allegiance to our people."

So the long, bitter years of warfare in the Southwest inevitably ended in victory for the white man. Virtually forgotten in their Florida prison camp for years, the remnants of the exiled Apache tribe were eventually removed to Alabama and later to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. In 1907, 250 survivors were allowed to return to New Mexico and find homes on the Mescalero reservation.

Today, nearly seventy years after Geronimo's final surrender ended hostilities, the Apaches have made an amazing recovery from the horrors of the past and are prospering as never before. Much remains to be accomplished in the way of schools, hospitals, and training centers of all kinds; but the tribe is making an astonishing comeback, mentally, physically, and economically. Tribal affairs are intrusted to the capable hands of a tribal council composed of trained and educated Apaches. This proud warrior tribe is fast becoming a tribe of equally proud farmers, stock-raisers, and artisans. "Give us another generation or two," say their energetic young leaders, "and our Apache Nation will be wholly self-supporting. Health standards will equal those of the white man. Illiteracy will be nonexistent."

The Apaches will achieve their shining goal. With the fierce pride and unbreakable spirit that is forever essentially Apache, they cannot fail.

Gun With a Story to Tell

(Continued from page 15)

up to the kill. Bill, having all the guns he needed, gave the Colt to a young deputy named Jack Campbell. Campbell spent the next fifty years of his life as a dedicated peace officer. During that time he served ably as a deputy under many noted sheriffs: S. F. Costigan, W. R. Cody, W. A. Latimer, Dick Johnson, and many others.

During the eventful half century of Jack Campbell's official career, a new country was opened up for settlement. Devoted law men like Jack Campbell made the land safe for men to occupy and raise their families. Farms, ranches, schools, churches, towns, and finally cities appeared. Highways spanned the vast fenceless regions. Campbell helped bring all this mighty change to pass—and his daily, dependable companion was Bill Doolin's old Colt that had gone down to defeat while playing the wrong game, but had risen to new heights in the name of the law.

Aside from the unquestioned word of Deputy Campbell, the authenticity of this old six-gun has been established in other ways. In his book, *The Peacemaker and Its Rivals*, John E. Parsons has assigned the serial number range of the year 1896 to numbers 163,001 to 168,000. But from page 85, I quote: "Note should be particularly taken that the margin of error in serial numbers may be as great as a year in either direction." The number of this outlaw Colt turned respectable is 168,010.

THE holster? That was once the property of Henry Starr, the dapper part-Indian outlaw. Starr's amazing story was told in the November-December, 1955, issue of TRUE WEST, and needs no repeating here. Suffice to say that Henry was wearing the holster pictured in this article on the occasion of his last public appearance, when he was killed in February, 1921, while attempting to rob the bank at Harrison, Arkansas. I do not know what happened to the gun the holster contained, but the holster came into the possession of Henry Lowery, sheriff of Nowata County, Oklahoma. From him it passed to C. L. Hough, Chief of Police at Ottawa, Kansas, and then to Jack Campbell. It, too, had turned law-abiding.

Finally, in April, 1954, ownership of the Bill Doolin gun, the Henry Starr holster, and the cartridge belt—which was Jack Campbell's personal belt—together with all information regarding previous ownership, was transferred to the writer. Now the gun, holster, and belt form a valued part of my collection. All three are retired to an honored resting place on the wall of my den. Occasionally, passing by, I will pause to touch and admire these relics of a turbulent past written in gun-smoke and punctuated with bullets; these grim reminders of the wild frontier days that are forever gone but can never be forgotten.

EDITOR'S NOTE: See the two articles Rose of Cimarron and Rose of Cimarron Myth in September, 1954, TRUE WEST, for differing views of the famous fight at Ingalls, Oklahoma, on September 1, 1893. Can any oldtimers give us the EXACT truth? Write us—we'll publish your letters.

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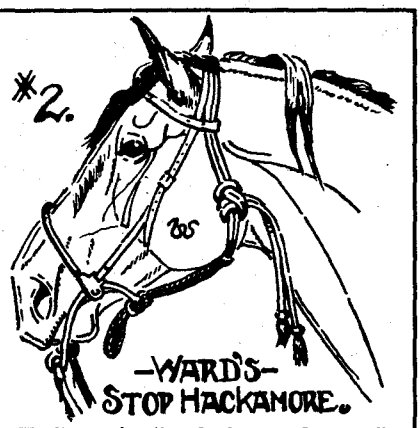

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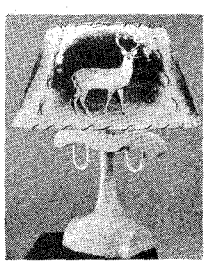

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Ring-tailed Roarer

(Continued from page 7)

but upon his subscribing to certain views contrary to the Methodist credo, his church had unfrocked him in disgrace. Emigrating to Nevada, he had built a small theater in Tonopah and there had endeavored to organize a Shakespearean group. When that effort failed, he had turned to wandering the desert as a prospector, and Time had brought him to Rawhide.

And now, this man of the sullied Cloth had been asked to deliver a eulogy over the body of a plunger known around the world.

Speaking extemporaneously to that motley throng of boomers and gamblers who had gathered to pay final respects to the greatest gambler of them all, the vibrant voice of this admitted agnostic —this Bob Ingersoll of the Sagelands— rose to impassioned heights as he probed the everlasting enigma of life and death, of God and man. It was an eloquence that caused hardened men to weep unabashed, and brought scalding tears to the painted cheeks of the girls from the line.

Recorded in shorthand by a down-and-out court reporter known as "Rattlesnake Shorty"—a booster in Tex Rickard's saloon—that 2,000 word tribute to Riley Grannan has come down through the years as a Western classic, and today is regarded as one of the most famous funeral eulogies ever delivered in the United States. Published and republished in book form and pamphlet, sold by the tens of thousands of copies, those inspired words of Herman W. Knickerbocker have been read and quoted wherever the English language is spoken.

IN less than twelve months, the meteoric career of Rawhide had transformed desert wasteland into a frontier metropolis.

In less than two hours that same metropolis was leveled back to desert waste. The Big Fire—grimmest event in Rawhide's history—had its inception on the morning of September 4, 1908, when a wind-blown window curtain was ignited by a gasoline stove in the back room of the Rawhide drugstore, on Nevada Street. From this point of beginning the flames spread rapidly to the adjacent roof of the Ross Hotel, and on to buildings beyond.

Four companies of the Rawhide Volunteer Fire Department rushed chemical engines to the scene, but all their efforts were in vain. By the time the fire had reached the new quarters of Freiman's clothing store, the heat had become so intense that the building occupied by Nevada meat market, on the opposite side of the street, burst into flames. With this development, there vanished all hope of saving the business portion of the town.

Under the direction of J. G. Flynn, Superintendent of Rawhide Coalition Mines, more than 3,000 pounds of dynamite were used in razing buildings in an effort to bring the blaze under control. In order to save the elaborate plant of the Rawhide *Press-Times*, all other structures around it were blasted; and with wet blankets, and what little water was available, it proved possible to turn the trick.

"As the last big building to be devoured by the flames—the Gill Terrace —was razed to the ground, the force in the *Press-Times* office heaved a sigh of relief," reported that news medium. "Our magnificent $25,000 plant and building were saved, and it thus was made possible to run off a special edition of the paper, which was being set on the Mergenthaler while everything around the building was at white heat . . ."

Among the more important losses were twenty-seven assorted stores, including general mercantile, clothing, hardware, furniture, and jewelry stores, bakeries and meat markets; twenty-six bars, cafes, restaurants, three hotels, three banks, the stock-exchange building, office and plant of the Rawhide *News*, the post office, two telegraph offices, express office, stage depot, Hazen lumber yard, two photo galleries, two barber shops, and the water company office. Also destroyed were several large buildings that had been occupied by lawyers, mining engineers, and other professional men; as well as a number of warehouses, private dwellings, and smaller shops.

AS the demolition crew moved through town, only a few yards in advance of the spreading fire, Tom McCauley, Superintendent of Rawhide Consolidated Telegraph, stuck by his chattering instrument, sending and receiving messages and occasionally darting a quick glance out the window toward that nearing sea of red flame and rolling black smoke. Only when a building three doors distant had been dynamited and his own office was smoking with heat, did McCauley wrench his instrument and necessary connections loose from his desk and flee for the comparative safety of the street. Outside the building, he bumped into W. P. DeWolf, staff correspondent of *Nevada Mining News*, at Reno. Together, the two men dashed to the south end of town. McCauley climbed a telegraph pole, and made an emergency wire connection; and with batteries borrowed from Rawhide Morning Star company, telegraphic communications were soon reopened with the outside world—DeWolf writing the messages and McCauley transmitting them to the *Mining News*.

(DeWolf, incidentally, had written the first telegraphic news concerning the disastrous fire at Cripple Creek, Colorado, in 1896. His operator on that occasion had been Frank M. Conehay. Like DeWolf, Conehay had followed the boom camps, and the big fire at Rawhide had found him operating a key in the Rawhide Telegraph office, a business rival of McCauley's outfit.)

With the information sent out by McCauley and DeWolf, the destruction of Rawhide by fire became the Number One news story in the West on that black Friday in September, 1908.

Upon learning that three thousand persons had been left homeless by the fire, *The News* immediately opened a subscription campaign for Rawhide Relief. All Nevada responded nobly, residents of Reno alone, in less than one hour, contributing nearly $5,000. Tonopah's citizens were called together by tolling of her fire bell, and under the eloquence of Key Pittman, later to be Governor of Nevada, more than $1900 was raised on a single street corner in a few minutes time. Even California towns and cities rallied to the cause, and the San Francisco Stock & Exchange Board sent a contribution of $4500.

All the provisions in Rawhide's stores

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having been destroyed, with exception of one small grocery, *The Mining News* appealed to the wholesale and commission houses of Reno for prompt action, and from the Southern Pacific Company secured the donation of a relief train which was given right-of-way to Schurz. On its departure from Reno, the "Rawhide Relief" carried twenty barrels of flour, two tons of ham and bacon, two tons of potatoes, a ton of beans, four tons of evaporated fruit, one ton each of butter and lard, a ton of coffee, and one hundred cases each of canned tomatoes, corn, table fruits and evaporated milk, as well as five hundred loaves of bread and a large contribution of fresh fruit.

Governor D. F. Dickerson rushed to the stricken city a shipment of Government tents and blankets for use by the homeless, and offered to dispatch state police to maintain law and order.

Rawhide's telegraphed reply was typical of that rugged time and the fighting spirit of the frontier:

RAWHIDE, SEPT. 4, 1908

D. F. DICKERSON
CARSON CITY

TOWN ORDERLY. WILL BEGIN REBUILDING TOMORROW. CITIZENS NOT DISCOURAGED.

H. F. BREDE and H. B. FULLER

THAT Rawhide's citizens were not discouraged was a masterpiece of understatement.

With smoke still rising from the hot ruins on the day of the fire, a mass meeting of townsmen was called, and E. W. King, President of Coalition Mines, was elected to head the relief committee. Reporting that meeting, Rawhide *Press-Times* stated: "Jack Hines made a motion that no telegrams going to the outside through the committee should be worded so that the impression should get abroad that Rawhide was seeking relief or aid on account of being destituted; that all necessaries sent into the camp would be thankfully received, but should be paid for. This motion received numerous seconds . . . and was unanimously carried."

It was announced, further, that the Coalition company would begin erection immediately of a substantial brick building to replace their offices destroyed by the fire, and Grutt brothers reported their intention to rebuild with stone.

But Tex Rickard scooped the town in the matter of rebuilding.

"Before the fire had reached his premises (stated *The Mining News*) he had placed an order with one of the lumber companies for the material with which to erect a large and better building than the one which was about to be destroyed. Within an hour after the fire had cleared his building site, he had closed his contracts with the carpenters, painters and paperhangers . . . and had wired to San Francisco for a new stock and fixtures."

In admiration of Rawhide's courage, telegrams expressing good wishes began flooding the town from persons in every corner of the nation. Typical of these was the message from Charles A. Stoneham, then President of O. F. Jonasson & Co., New York Mining Stock brokerage concern.

"From the ashes of the lumber piles of Yesterday will be reared the granite walls of the permanent and enduring Rawhide," wired Stoneham. "Investors should not be alarmed, as actual ore, Rawhide's greatest asset, cannot be eliminated by fire . . ."

As the New York financier predicted, Rawhide rose quickly from her ruins. But not for long . . .

The wild joyride was nearing its end. A nation-wide panic was sweeping West from the Eastern seaboard . . . and Rawhide was in no position to weather a panic. Too little of her wealth reposed in her mines; too much of it in the golden tongues of her promotors. While her surface ore had been, perhaps, the richest ever discovered in the West, it had not held up with depth. With only about $1,500,000 of actual gold production to her credit, Rawhide folded up for good.

Last time I returned to the old gold camp at the foot of the Sand Springs range, only nine persons were still living there. Of all the hundreds of buildings that had lined those streets, only forty-odd years before, not more than a dozen remained; not one business house was still in operation, and in all the dry, thorny, desert-reclaimed space of the old cemetery, I found but four grave markers on which the inscriptions might still be read.

Covering an immense area in the one-time heart of the business district lay a twisted tangle of blackened litter—bank vaults, bedsteads, broken thunder-mugs, grocery scales, oil drums, bottles, silverware, fragments of glassware and dishes, chains, cables, broken concrete . . . everything a man might need in this world or the next—but all of it melted and welded and heat-twisted in the Big Fire in 1908.

But for these mementos—a dozen decrepit buildings, four headboards in a weedy graveyard, and a mass of charred rubble—Rawhide, the ring-tailed roarer, had ceased to exist.

"Don't let it fool you, Dan."

The Day the Daltons Died

(Continued from page 11)

THE horses followed the turn in the road, and Coffeyville lay revealed in its prairie setting, sprawled out over a small rise. The white church steeple was most prominent. Beyond it were the stores flanking the central plaza and the schoolhouse. The bell rang mellowly, summoning the children to the classrooms. It was a pastoral scene, but there was deception in its painting. Rumor had been rife that the Daltons were planning a visit, and the town had been an armed camp for several days.

(Continued on following page)

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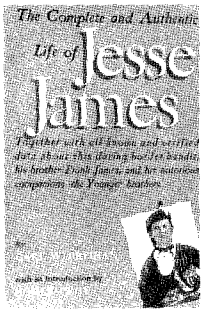

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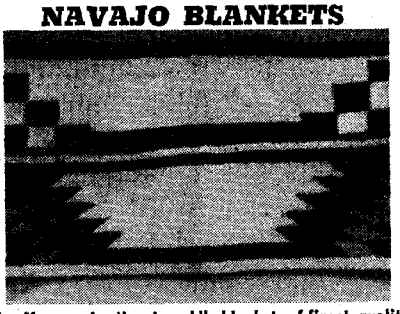

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The Day the Daltons Died

(Continued from preceding page)

The men felt themselves burning with the fever of excitement as they trotted through the outskirts of the town. The issue would soon be joined. As they entered Union Street, a main thoroughfare, Bob whistled softly and exclaimed, "Looks like there's been a few changes around the town!"

They had discussed the advisability of scouting the town in advance, but Bob had held that there was too much danger of recognition. He had visited the town so many times as a boy that he felt he was familiar enough with the layout.

Some Negro workmen were digging up a portion of Union Street. The hitching rack next to the Old Opera House had been torn down in the operation. "Where we goin' to put the horses, Bob?" asked Powers. "Looks like this street will be mighty bad to get out of in a hurry."

Lady Luck, fickle and flippant, continued to set the stage for the final act of the Dalton drama. She deftly stacked all the cards against her former favorites. A quick decision by Bob brought the gang into an alley, which opened into the plaza. Here they tied their horses to a rack near Slausson's Drug Store.

As the five bold men strode out of the alley into the triangular-shaped business plaza, there was no hint in the air of impending disaster. The sun continued to shine brightly and there was only a trace of haze in the autumn air. Several wagons were hitched around the plaza, the draymen awaiting the start of the the day's business. The clock's hands stood at 9:40 in the Condon Bank.

The outlaws did not draw any attention as they swung eastward across the brick-paved plaza, although they were heavily armed with six-guns and rifles. To their left stood the Condon Bank, occupying the north side of the plaza. It had three large plate glass windows, one across the front and one on each side, forming a perfect showcase.

SOME one hundred feet further, on the eastern wing of the plaza, was the First National Bank, flanked on the right by Boswell's Hardware Store and on the left by Isham Brothers Hardware Store. On the southern angle of the plaza were several stores and, behind the men, flanking the alley from which they had just come, on what was Main Street, were two blocks of general stores.

Grat Dalton, Bill Powers, and Dick Broadwell turned and pushed quickly into the Condon Bank. Grat covered Cashier Charlie Ball with his Winchester. Powers and Broadwell held their guns on two other bank officials and a customer. While these actions moved smoothly in the bank, a drayman, sunning himself on the back of his wagon, watched through the windows with widening eyes.

Seconds passed before he could raise his voice in a warning shout, "The Daltons!" As he raced across the plaza towards Boswell's Hardware Store, he cried out again, "Look out! It's the Daltons!"

Bob sought to slow the alarm, whipping a shot at the man. The bullet caught him in the hand just as he reached the store's doorway. The handful of people scattered around the plaza paused and glanced curiously at Bob and Emmett, still walking toward the First National Bank. As full recognition dawned, these few citizens of Coffeyville dived for cover. Suddenly, the numerous dogs hanging around the plaza created a bedlam of barking.

A few more steps and the boys were in the First National. Four bank officials and three customers froze in the midst of routine business transactions as Bob's authoritative voice lashed out like a rawhide whip, "Hands up!" There seemed to be no urge to resist.

At a further command, the cashier hurried to fill the money sack Bob tossed him. "Don't load that with silver now, boy. Just get to the vault and put in the big stuff."

Over in the Condon Bank, Grat had issued a similar order, but Charlie Ball countered with a bluff on his hole card. "I can't get you the money in the safe. It has a time-lock and won't open until nine forty-five."

Ball's heart was riding in his throat. His statement might turn out to be his death sentence. The safe was already open!

Grat glanced at the clock on the wall. The hands pointed out nine-forty-two. In a moment of costly indecisiveness, Grat failed to call the bluff and tossed away his winning hand. He did not check the safe and the men stood their ground, sweating out the three minutes.

Bob and Emmett completed their cash round-up and started herding their seven hostages through the front door. A rifle cracked across the plaza and splinters flew from the door jamb. The citizens of Coffeyville, previously warned and alert, had recovered from their first attitude of fright and now swarmed to the attack.

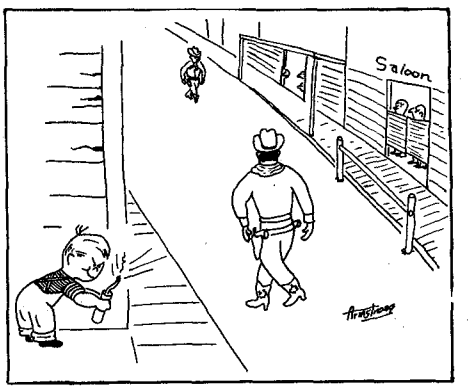
UNWORRIED, Bob and Emmett sent their hostages on through the front door, then retreated out the back door of the bank, into an open alley. Out front, the shooting gained in volume.

"You hang onto that money sack, Em," grinned Bob, "and I'll do whatever fightin' is necessary."

From the back of the next-door store, Boswell's Hardware, plunged a young clerk, six-gun in hand. He ignored Bob's command to halt and so became the first fatality of the battle. The two Daltons ran north through the alley to Union Street. A few steps and they were exposed to the plaza. A hail of fire sped towards them. Everywhere they looked, they caught glimpses of heads and rifle-barrels.

"Looks like the U.S. Army!" Bob spoke with a tinge of amazement in his voice.

Suddenly, from the doorway of their nearby shoe-shop, stepped George Cubine and Charles T. Brown, two men



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who had made boots for the Dalton boys in other days. Cubine leveled a Winchester at Bob and Emmett, but before he could press the trigger, Bob's lightning reflexes had exploded death into Cubine's body. He crumpled to the brick pavement. His partner, Brown, himself unarmed, reached down and picked up the rifle. Another shot from Bob's rifle and the two men had become partners in death, their bodies side by side.

Getting cover behind the Condon Bank building, Bob and Emmett continued on down Union Street to another alley, which led to the alley where the horses were hitched. Halfway down this alley, a small boy popped up with a revolver in his hands, demanding to know where the men were going. Struck by the comedy, Bob grabbed the boy, spanked him lightly on the rear, and laughed, "Git for home, Bub!"

When they reached the horses, Emmett was gasping for breath. The money sack was plump and heavy with the riches of the First National. As he heaved it over his saddle, he shouted to Bob, "Where the hell are the others?"

There was no sign of Grat, Powers, or Broadwell. The snap and whine of rifle bullets filled the alley as Bob stared toward the plaza, one hand on his saddlehorn, ready to pull himself up. His keen eyes saw that a large force of citizens had gathered in Isham's Hardware Store, directly across the plaza, with a clear line of fire into the alley. He also noted that most of the fusillades were being directed at the Condon Bank.

ABOVE the increasing bedlam of noise, Bob called, "We better go help the boys, Em. They're in trouble."

With the avenue of escape still open and freedom beckoning urgently, the two made the choice of loyalty, heading boldly into the roaring inferno of the plaza, their Winchesters blazing.

In the Condon Bank, the other three boys had sweated out the clock. In the swift passage of two minutes, Ball's bluff about the time-lock had proved the deciding factor in this dramatic fight. It was time enough for a score of weapons to be seized and brought to bear on the front of the bank. Over eighty bullets riddled the building. Grat made everyone lie on the floor except Charlie Ball and himself. No one received a scratch.

Grat had grimly wanted that fortune in the vault, but suddenly it turned to fool's gold. He shouted, "Let's get the hell outa here!"

Through the maelstrom of singing leaden death, the three men made a desperate retreat. Flitting shadows, here, there, everywhere, among the buildings, warned the outlaws that the noose was drawing about them.

From the mouth of the alley, Bob and Emmett were firing at everything that moved. Wood splinters filled the air. Glass crashed and tinkled. A fog of gunsmoke drifted over the plaza, partially obscuring the action.

The girl who had stacked the deal now seemed to regret her impulsive fickleness. She tried to make amends. Minds unable to accept what their eyes were recording, the defenders of Coffeyville saw all five of the bandits nearing their horses. It seemed a devil's prank. For a second, the volume of firing slackened.

Into the alley behind the Daltons fearlessly stepped the city marshal, Charles T. Connelly. A look of surprise crossed

(Continued on following page)

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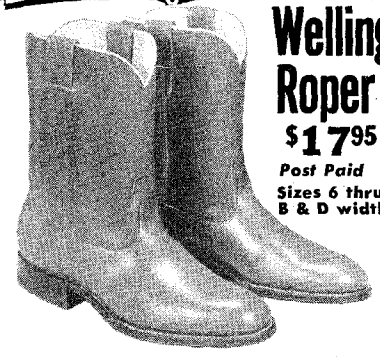

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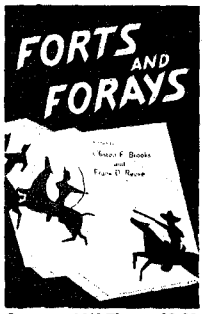

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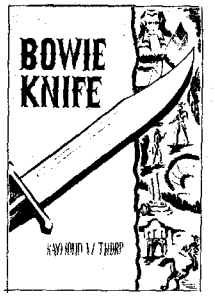

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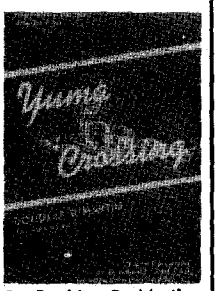

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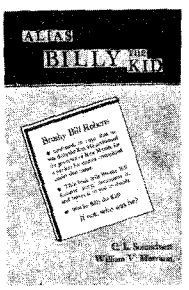

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The Day the Daltons Died

(Continued from page 37)

his face as his body shuddered under the impact of half a dozen slugs. It was never determined who actually fired the fatal bullet.

A RUNAWAY wagon headed straight for the outlaws' horses, threatening to stampede them. With a quick shot, Grat dropped the lead horse of the team, halting the wagon. Over at Isham's, a doctor tended two victims of the Daltons' accurate fire. They were wounded, but not fatally.

Now the citizens' massed guns exploded in new fury, pouring volley after volley into the alley. There had never been a gun battle as fierce as this in all the annals of the frontier West. The tide of the battle took its final turning. Lady Luck abandoned her favorites for the last time. Powers staggered as he took a slug in the arm. He regained his balance and kept on toward his horse. He succeeded in getting one leg up on the big gray steed, when a second bullet caught him in the head, killing him instantly.

Bob Dalton's Winchester spun to the dust. He fought to remain on his feet, but his knees buckled, and the tall outlaw went down. A rifle slug smashed Emmett's right arm, knocking his own rifle to the ground. He picked it up with his left hand, but as he straightened, another bullet thudded into his back, passing out through the groin. For a few seconds he stood paralyzed. Grat was just reaching out to untie his horse when a slug pierced his heart.

Emmett dragged himself to his horse, one leg and arm useless. Somehow, he mounted. Broadwell was up at the same time. Both horses were frightened, difficult to handle. Broadwell cursed violently and nearly fell from his saddle. "I been hit. I been hit bad," he cried. He put his spurs to his horse and galloped off through the alley. They found him later, dying by the road a short distance from town.

Meanwhile, Emmett, although severely wounded, still had an opportunity to escape. In this complex moment, love for his brother was the stronger emotion. He forced his horse to turn back into the blazing inferno, hoping to pull Bob up into the saddle and still escape.

Riding over to where his brother was huddled against the fence, Emmett leaned down to give him a hand. It was too late. With his dying breath, Bob gave his final order as leader of the Dalton gang. It was in the form of brotherly advice. "Don't surrender, Emmett. Die game!"

At that instant, from behind the opposite fence stepped the town barber, Carey Seaman. He had just returned from a hunting trip. Seizing his loaded shotgun, he raced down the alley. When he suddenly found a horseman in his sights, he pulled both triggers.

Eighteen buckshot riddled Emmett Dalton's back. As he slid slowly from his saddle, he grasped the money sack in his agony and carried it to the ground with him. Twenty thousand dollars that sack contained, and the price paid for it totaled eight dead men and four wounded.

Emmett Dalton was later to astound everyone by surviving his terrible wounds and living not only to serve fifteen years in prison, but to enjoy thirty peaceful years of married life with his childhood sweetheart.

Emmett Dalton's Six-Shooter

(Continued from page 13)

rooster crowed on old man Davis' farm, where the Daltons had lived for several years. If the raid was a success, Black Amos would meet the bank robbers down in the Cherokee Strip with a wagonload of provisions.

The Daltons rode into Coffeyville a few minutes after nine o'clock on their first daylight robbery. Union Street was torn up in front of the Opera House, and Bob ordered the gang to ride into an alley behind the blacksmith shop. They tied up their horses and started for the street. Then Fate took a hand.

CHARLEY GUMP was the drayman, and he was delivering a load of goods to the Isham Brothers Hardware store. Charley glanced up as boots scuffed on the brick street. He recognized the gang, and immediately shouted a hoarse warning:

"The Daltons! The Daltons are holding up the banks!"

Bob Dalton and Emmett entered the First National. Bob turned and fired one shot at Gump and hit the drayman in the hand. In the Condon Bank, Grat had Cashier Charley Ball covered.

"Open the vault!" Grat ordered, while Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell covered the bank crew.

"It's a new time-lock," Ball said quietly. "It's set to open at 9:30, and it lacks three minutes until that time."

The vault was open all the time, but Charley Ball's bluff worked. Citizens armed themselves and took cover for the coming battle. Charley Ball swung the big vault door open, and paper money was stuffed in a canvas bag. The bandits cleaned out the Condon Bank, but now they were bottled up by the embattled citizens, seventy-five in number.

Lucien Baldwin was a clerk in Boswell's Hardware store, and he was the first to die. He came down the alley with a six-shooter in his right hand, and Bob Dalton shot one time.

Three hundred shots were fired at the Condon Bank, but the robbers escaped

"Honest, Ma'am, I wasn't swearing. That really is the name of the stew!"

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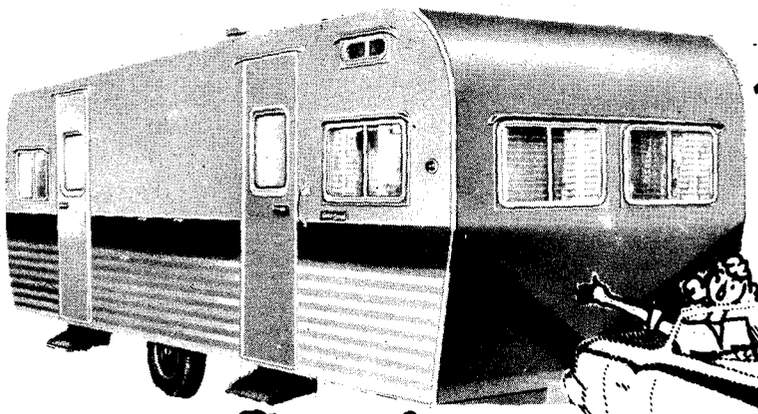

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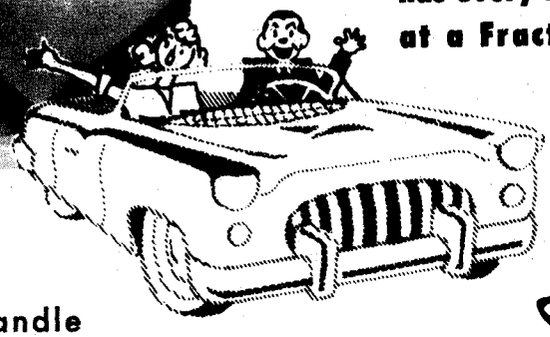

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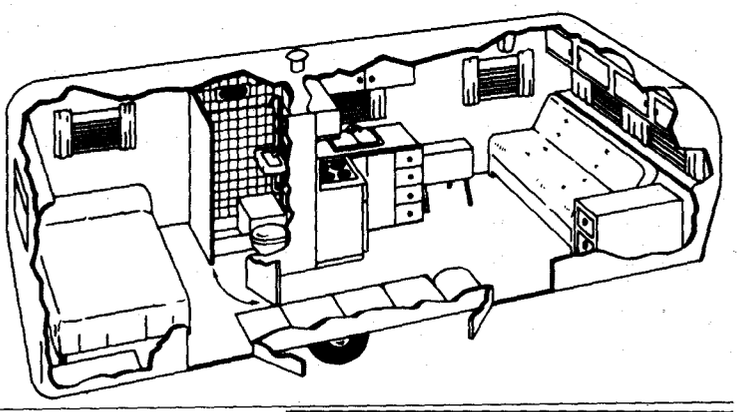

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to the alley. City Marshal Charley Connelly slipped into the alley, and he was shot dead. The battle in the alley was on.

Emmett Dalton had nothing but high praise for the men who fought and destroyed the Dalton gang. That is, for those who fought in the open. Seventy-five men shooting against five. Some were holed up in a barn armed with rifles. One of these killed Bob Dalton. Emmett was mounted and out of range with the loot from the First National. When Bob fell mortally wounded, Emmett rode back to help him.

Carey Seaman was the barber, and he was just back from a hunting trip. He was hiding behind a high board fence. As Emmett lifted Bob in his arms and tried to lift him to the saddle of his horse, Seaman tripped both triggers of his double-barreled scattergun loaded with buckshot, nine shot to the barrel. The full charge took Emmett in the back. The battle of Coffeyville was over. Bob and Grat Dalton were dead. Dick Broadwell had died first, and Bill Powers got a mile out of town before he fell dead from his horse. Only Emmett Dalton was alive, and he had sustained twenty-one bullet wounds. The most serious were rifle wounds in the hip and left arm.

The Coffeyville citizens expected him to die. The dead had been buried, and Emmett's mother came from Kingfisher to be with him at the last. Miraculously he recovered. He was technically charged with the shooting of George Cubine, a bootmaker, and Lucien Baldwin, in addition to armed robbery. His attorney, Joseph Fritsch, advised him to plead guilty to second-degree murder in the case of Cubine, saying that the other charges would then be dismissed.

"You are young," Fritsch urged. "You will get from ten to fifteen years, with time off for good behavior. I am positive of this!"

Judge J. D. McCue was on the bench. The jury brought in a verdict of... *Guilty.* The Judge sternly pronounced the sentence:

"I hereby sentence you to life imprisonment in the Lansing Penitentiary!"

EMMETT DALTON started to serve his sentence on March 8, 1893. Eight wardens succeeded each other during his incarceration at Lansing. He gave none of them the slightest trouble. Friends on the outside began to work in Emmett's behalf. His youth was in his favor, and the sacrifice he had made to save his dying brother mitigated in his behalf. *"Greater love hath no man..."*

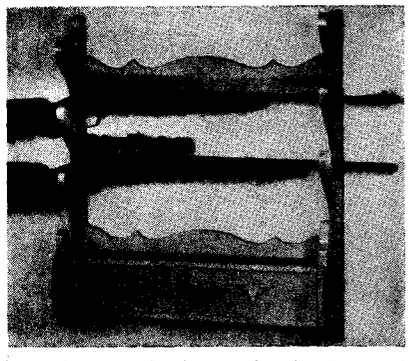
On July 7th, 1907, Governor Koch signed a pardon for Emmett Dalton, stating that in his belief, Emmett had paid his debt to Society. Almost fifteen years behind the grim gray walls.

On September 8th, 1908, Emmett married Julia Johnson, his sweetheart, at Bartlettsville, Oklahoma. I know that they were very happy together when I first met them twenty-five years later. I got to know them both well as Emmett and I began to work on the History of the Dalton Gang. They were then living in North Hollywood, California. I had and still have a little ranch down at Oceanside, a hundred miles south of Los Angeles. Much of the work was done there, and when we tired of old times, Emmett and I would saddle and ride a couple of my saddle-string.

A friend of mine had old Bill Stiles in tow. Bill Stiles was a weazened little

(Continued on following page)

WESTERN GUN RACKS



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Emmett Dalton's Six-Shooter

(Continued from preceding page)

oldster who had been in the Jesse James gang at the robbery at Stillwater, Minnesota. He was reported killed, but the body they buried was that of another outlaw. The editor who was publishing the Dalton story thought it would be a good idea to get Stiles and Emmett Dalton together to talk over old times. Sometimes those New York editors come up with some wonderful ideas. I never knew until later how much Emmett hated Stiles, who had made the remark in a story that Belle Starr had been the real leader of the James gang.

We set up the meeting in a sneaky sort of a way. I was staying at Emmett's house, and I arranged with this friend to bring Bill Stiles over the following morning. We would then meet casually on the street. I have been close to death many times, but never closer than on that morning I suggested to Emmett that we take a little walk around the block for a breath of air. The appointed time was to be at nine o'clock sharp, so we started for the walk.

WE were discussing the book as we walked slowly, and then we turned the corner. I saw my friend turn the corner a block away with a little weazened old man. You guessed it: Bill Stiles. Emmett glanced at the oncomers casually. Then his eyes narrowed like the eyes of a man will do who has been accustomed to staring into far distances. He stiffened, recognized this other old outlaw, and Emmett went into action. I believe he was about sixty-three at the time. He clawed back the tail of his coat, reached for the back of his pants, and came out holding a cocked six-shooter.

Emmett Dalton had been the best pistol shot in the Dalton gang. Like a damned fool, I promptly bull-dogged Emmett. I caught him around the waist with both arms, pinned his arms to his sides, and yelled to beat hell. Emmett was struggling and pitching like a bucking bronc with a tree-cat on its back. Bill Stiles looked up and recognized his old enemy. Eighty years old, but he took off like a jack rabbit. Just as he turned the far corner, Emmett busted loose from my hold. I'd never have held him that long had it not been for his crippled left arm where a rifle slug had shattered the bone.

"You Goddamned Ess Bee," Emmett yelled. "Don't you ever get in front of me again when I've got a hog-leg in my fist, and hit ready to go. I'll kill that lying old So-and-So!"

That moth-eaten old line about... *"Smile when you call me that..."* is strictly for fiction. I took no offense: I *knew* Emmett.

"Let's get back to the house before we meet the law," I suggested quietly. "If they catch you with a gun on you, you'll go to San Quentin for life!"

This sobered Emmett some, but he was still cursing me and Bill Stiles under his breath. I did not feed his anger with any fool remarks. I spoke briefly to Julia, told her what had happened, and left the house until Emmett had cooled off some. Julia told me to come back about two o'clock that afternoon; said she'd talk to the old outlaw while I was away.

I returned to Emmett's house at the specified time. He was sitting in the living room, staring down at his boots. Finally he got up and offered me his right hand. Talking was always difficult for Emmett.

"I want to thank you for what you did, Chuck," he said slowly. "If a convict is ever caught with a loaded gun in his possession, he is immediately returned to prison to finish out his sentence. You saved me from that this morning, and I won't ever forget!"

I gripped his hand, and he drew me out into the garden. He was smiling grimly, and Julia was waiting with a camera. Again Emmett made that fast draw from the back of his pants-band, and came out holding this same six-shooter. He reversed it, and tendered it to me by the barrel.

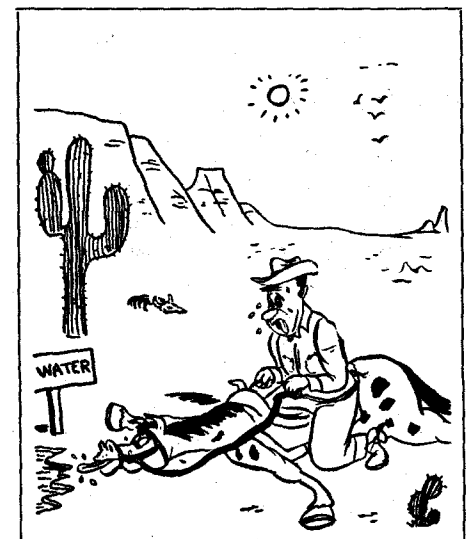
"I want you to have my old outlaw six-shooter, Chuck," he said quietly. "I carried it up to the night of the Coffeyville fight. Mebbe it has killed a man or two; mebbe not. It is yours, old friend!"

JULIA took the picture, and later Emmett gave me the paper proving the authenticity of this famous old weapon. I kept it for many years, and several collectors tried to buy or steal it. Last year I presented it to the Los Angeles County Museum, where it may now be seen by all the public in a special little case all by itself.

A gun collector once told me that history can often be learned by removing the handles of many old guns. I did this with the Dalton Frontier model Colt, caliber .44. Scratched inside the handles were the initials of all the Dalton gang, and something else. Most of you are familiar with the old cattle tally. Four straight vertical lines, with the fifth line crossing the four diagonally, to make a block of five. If the photographs show clearly, you will note a tally like this *inside* the handles of the Dalton Six-shooter, I believe they total thirteen.

When I asked Emmett about this, he flushed with either anger or shame. "My kid brother did that while I was in stir," he growled. "If I ever killed a man, I never whittled for him!"

I asked no more questions. Emmett Dalton was one of the bravest men I ever met, and he admired courage in



"C'mon, boy, don't give up now! I don't want the other horses in the corral to think you failed when you were so doggone close!"

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others. He retained his own to the day of his death. For the men who fought the Dalton gang in the open at Coffeyville, he had nothing but praise. For the heroes who hid in the dark back in the barn and made their fight with rifles in the prone position, he had nothing but contempt. One such was given a gold medal six inches long for killing Bob Dalton. Perhaps you know his name. I do know that Emmett hated his innards.

How any one man among seventy-five could prove that he alone killed Bob Dalton has never been satisfactorily explained. Emmett called him a coward who did not have the guts to show himself, and fight like a . . . MAN.

Julia and Emmett have both gone to their reward. All these characters have now gone to the Great Beyond of No Return, where there is only ONE Judge. It would be interesting to sit in on an argument up there in the Big Green Pastures and hear these oldtimers fight those battles all over again. I know that Jeff Milton, Frank King, Tex Moore, and many of the old peace officers liked and respected Emmett Dalton, who, in those later years, I was proud to call my . . . Friend.

Chuck Martin

In this article, TRUE WEST has the sad honor of publishing the last piece of writing ever done by Charles "Chuck" Martin. Chuck, one of the most prolific of all Western writers with thirty-six published novels and better than two thousand stories published in national magazines, passed on August 8, 1954. We know that his legion of fans will mourn his death along with the staff of TRUE WEST. *Adios, amigo.* **It was wonderful knowing you, if only briefly.**

HELP!

You can imagine what an impossible job we have on our hands in trying to tell everybody about TRUE WEST if you would set out to make a list of everyone in the U.S. who is interested in a magazine on the Old West! We need HELP. Send us names and addresses of those friends *and acquaintances* of yours who you KNOW would be interested in TRUE WEST and we'll contact them pronto! Just address, True West, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas. Thanks, Podner!

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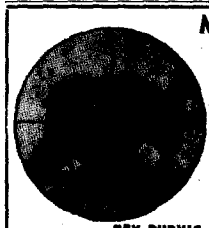

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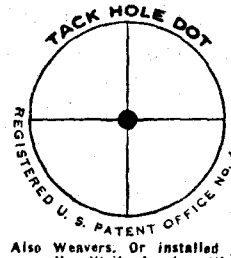

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THE FRONTIER YEARS (Holt, $10) by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton is the story of L. A. Huffman, the "Photographer of the Plains." Huffman became the official post photographer at old Fort Keogh, Montana in 1878. Two years later he opened his own studio in what was then "Milestown" and began the accumulation of a remarkable historical record of the action-packed years that followed.

Working with crude and cumbersome cameras, Huffman captured the flavor of the hide hunters, the wolfer, the passing of the buffalo, the days of the river steamboats, and finally, the arrival of the railroad. He photographed lawmen and outlaws and such famous characters as Yellowstone Kelly and Calamity Jane. An enthusiastic hunter, he accompanied Hornaday on trips for specimens for famous Eastern museums and he took some of the earliest pictures of Yellowstone Park. Many of the leading Indians of the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Crow tribes were his life-long friends and his collection included portraits of Rain-in-the-Face, American Horse, Dull Knife, and other Chiefs, as well as warriors, scouts, and medicine men.

Although containing 125 of the best from Huffman's more than 1,200 negatives, this book is much more than a collection of pictures. The authors have painstakingly gleaned incidents from the writings of many another oldtimer, and have filled these out from Huffman's own notes, letters to his father, and his extensive notes to make the pictures come alive and tell a coherent story of these coloful FRONTIER YEARS around old Miles City.

In addition to its fine arrangement and attractive type, the book contains two letters and an original poem by Huffman's friend and fellow-Montanan, Charles M. Russell. This is an important contribution to the literature of the Northern Plains country.

But, please, Messrs. Brown and Felton and publisher Holt, how about a companion volume of Huffman's fabulous photos of early range life?

TEXAS

J. Frank Dobie's TALES OF OLD-TIME TEXAS (Little, Brown, $5) is as delightful a selection of folk tales, old and new, as the beloved Pancho ever put between book covers. The old tales such as "Bigfoot Wallace and the Hickory Nuts," "The Mezcla Man" and "Old Bill, Confederate Ally" that have been known to dedicated Dobie fans for some time sparkle anew. Several of the tales appear in hard covers for the first time and some are entirely new. But all are wonderful, whatever their source (and Pancho gives it for each in "Notes and Credits"), and have had the master's treatment—a little tinkering with language and details perhaps, but you can bet an improvement on the original. Jim Bowie, Sam Bass, "The Cold-Nosed Hounds," "The Headless Horseman of the Mustangs," O. Henry, buried treasure, panthers, "Colonel Abercrombie's Mole," and bears plus some real good drawings by Barbara Latham add up to top entertainment—J. Frank at his best and that's mighty good.

(Continued on page 48)

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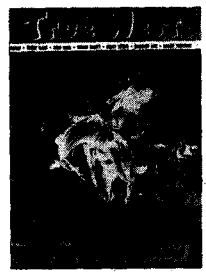
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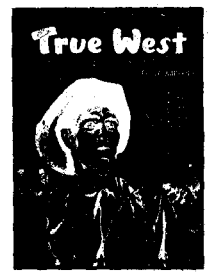

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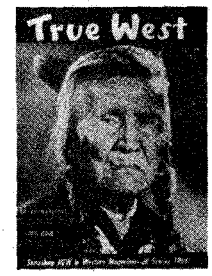

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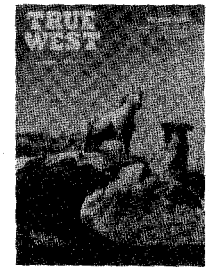
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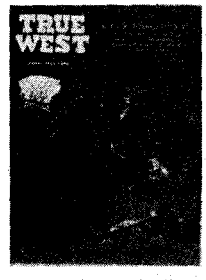

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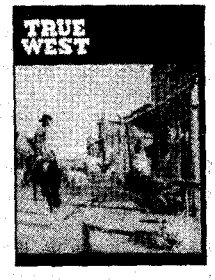

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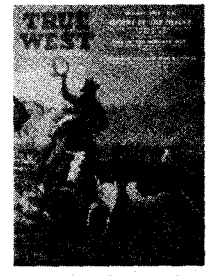
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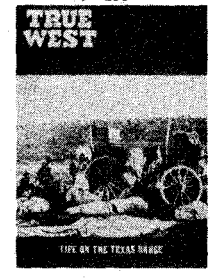

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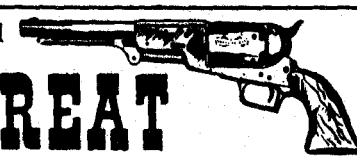

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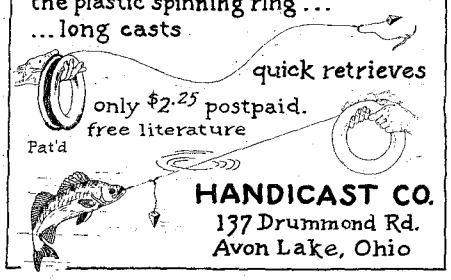

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Hog Dogs!

(Continued from page 21)

All in the way they work a hog. Personally, I want a dog that never touches a hog with a tooth."

Ranchers are particular in mating the dogs. They strive to preserve the traits that make their dogs so valuable. In a sense, they are selfish with their prized Laceys.

"Ain't right for a Lacey to be where there ain't a hog," one old-time hog hunter told me. "They need a chance to do what we've bred 'em to do. Shucks, I'd rather shoot old Rip dead than see him a town dog."

LLANO COUNTY folk refer to the good acorn years as "masts." Those are the years the ranchers make good money with their wild hogs.

"My father, like everyone else in this country, was a cowman," Jake Winkel told me at his big ranch west of Llano. "He paid little attention to the hogs unless there was a mast. Then we'd take the dogs and go into the roughs after them.

"There's been wild hogs on the ranch ever since I was a small boy," Jake said. "These Laceys know how to rouse them. A dog sets a pig to squealing and a whole family of hogs rushes to its rescue. Fifteen or twenty rush in. That's what we call 'rallying' a bunch. The dog circles to get them bunched," he continued, "keeping just out of range. He torments and tantalizes, gets them to chase him, and the first thing you know, that bunch of hogs is heading for the corral.

"As they go in the corral, the hogs think they've got a chance to gut the Lacey, seeing they got him against the fence," Jake said. "But he jumps over the fence lightly. By that time, we've rushed up and locked the gate behind them. The dog does it by instinct. We don't teach him."

Johnnie Click sometimes rounds up hogs on the halves with his two dogs. Johnnie told me about one of his most exciting fights while bringing in hogs for his neighbors.

"A couple of winters ago," said Johnnie as he squatted on the corral fence in the warm sunlight, "Ollie Owens, my boy, and myself struck a big black and white boar on the roughest slope of Pack Saddle Mountain, south of here."

Johnnie paused and pointed in that direction with his knife blade.

"I tell you, that old boar hog was a hornet," Johnnie emphasized. "Nine or ten years old and dangerous as a wounded bear. The dogs hit his trail right after sunup where he'd gone down off the mountain to the creek for water.

"They trailed him along the mountain till he ran into a shallow cave," he continued. "Right there he made a stand. The old codger got madder 'n' madder for a whole hour, slashing and chomping his teeth.

"Finally out of the cave he came, raking a tusk along one of the dog's ribs without drawing blood. They scrapped over rocks, under ledges, back in the cave, under cedars. Never saw such a fight in my life. It was noon before the dogs got that stubborn hog off the mountain. We got a rope on him and tied him to a sapling."

Johnnie paused.

"Guess the old boar was tired out by then," I commented.

"Tired!" snorted Johnnie. "Not that tough old devil! Just waiting for a chance to bite your hand off. See that sideboard on my pickup truck?"

JOHNNIE pointed his knife toward a piece torn out of the plank.

"You see what he did to that! He was still tough after fighting the dogs for half a day," Johnnie concluded, wiping his knife blade across his tight blue jeans.

Johnnie almost lost a thumb one time when a wild sow jumped him as he fell on a rock. He bled like a stuck pig for the twenty-six miles into town, where the doctor put a dozen stitches in his hand. Injuries are common during hog-hunting time, Dr. H. J. Hoerster of Llano told me during a hog-dog discussion.

"I'll tell you, these hogs are dangerous!" he said emphatically. "Dogs are injured as well as men. Jake Winkel can remember watching his father take a thorn and horse hair and sew up a dog to stop the bleeding."

Dr. Hoerster used to help lead hogs himself as a boy. His father used to buy hogs in Mason and drive them, several hundred at a time, to the railroad pens in Llano.

"We had good Lacey dogs," the doctor said, "and those hogs would string out like a bunch of steers. Out in front would be our old lead dog, Jep, and other dogs on the sides to keep them out of the brush."

The Llano County ranchers like to tell tall hog-dog tales at Long's Saddle Shop and the drugstore in Llano. They enjoy the story of Elmer Smith, an old-time hog man, who drove hundreds of wild, long-nosed hogs through Llano and across the river below town.

"He had them hogs strung out for nine miles," one old man said, "and soon as they started crossing the river, they backed water upstream so deep folks couldn't cross for four days."

They talk about favorite hog dogs, such as Old Blocker, once owned by Damon Smith, big rancher.

"You fellows don't have a good hog dog nowadays," I heard Smith say. "Why, when we had Old Blocker, all we had to do was tell him which pasture we wanted rounded up."

Everybody grinned.

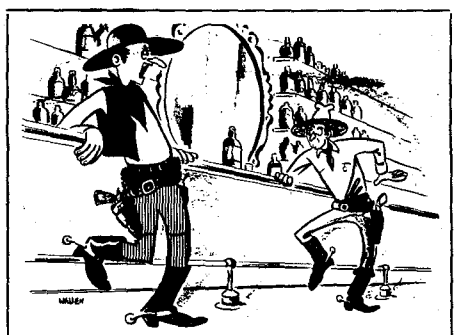
"I had a mighty good hog dog last year," another rancher began. "Hard-working dog that had a real trailing and winding nose on him. Called him Blue Darter."

He paused.

"Well, sir, when we were gathering, he'd do a fine job—circling, darting in and out, and leading. But I had to get rid of that dog. You know why?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"That dumb son-of-a-gun never could



"Don't push it. I'm running out of notch space!"

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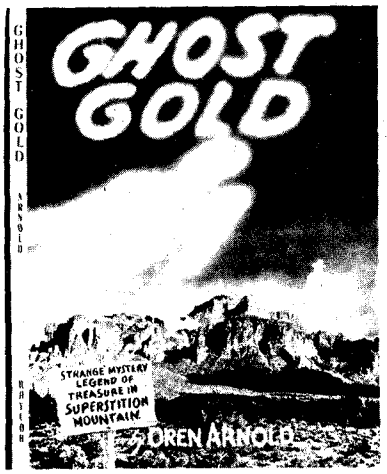

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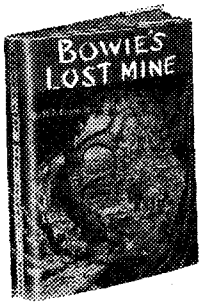

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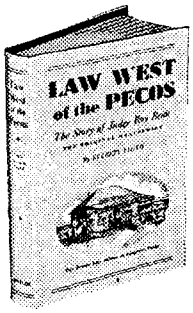

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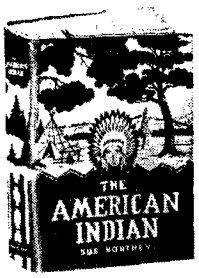

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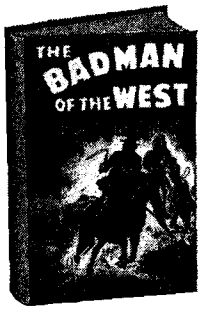

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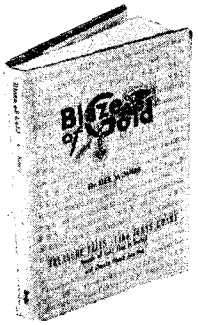

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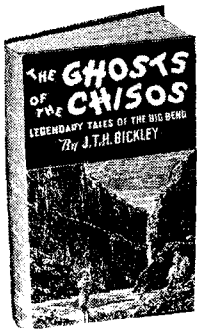

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learn to open and close a gate," he replied.

Jake Winkel recalled a dog named Casey that his father used to own.

"I recollect one time we had quite a bunch of hogs thrown together on the south side of the river," Jake said. "The hogs wouldn't take to that deep water. Casey kept tormenting them till they had all they could stand, then he jumped in the river with them right after him.

"By George, he kept swimming just ahead of that bunch," Jake continued, "looking back over his shoulder now and then. Led them right on across. Guess we'd been there yet if it hadn't been for old Casey," grinned Winkel.

Tall tales or no, the Llano County range hogs are among the toughest animals in the world. They constitute the survival of the fittest, depending on nature for their rations. During drought years, they have died by the hundreds. Yet they have managed to cope with every circumstance except the Lacey hog dog. When he isn't around, they can live quietly amid the gentle rustling of the thicket leaves.

The Longest Stage Route in the World

(Continued from page 19)

stations, hostelers, drivers, agents, and other personnel. It was a gigantic undertaking; but when the year rolled round, John Butterfield was ready to dispatch two stages, one from the East and the other from the Pacific Coast, on the perilous journey across our country.

The latter reached Tipton, Missouri, 160 miles west of St. Louis, in less than 24 days; at once the mail was placed on a train and taken to the terminus. John Butterfield was there to meet the mail. Excited people carried him on their shoulders to the post office, while bands played, cannon boomed, bells pealed, and shrill fire whistles sounded. President Buchanan sent Butterfield a telegram, congratulating him on his important achievement.

THE first coach from the East stopped in Los Angeles on October 7, 1858, at 2 P.M., after fording the Los Angeles River between Aliso and Macy Streets. It carried only one passenger, a 21-year-old reporter for the *New York Herald*, named Waterman L. Ormsby. In his reports he has given us a fascinating account of that rough journey, in a sturdy coach with three seats, the backs of which could be let down to make a rough bed. He didn't sleep the first three days, as "It took some time to get accustomed to the jolting of the rough road, the rocks, and log bridges."

There were brief stops to change teams; at first he had a basket of food and drink provided by John Butterfield; later the reporter ate some rather "homely" meals at various stations. Luckily on this trip there was no Indian trouble; but often there were delays because of stubborn horses. Ormsby tells that on one occasion:

"The horses reared, pitched, twisted, whirled, wheeled, ran, stood still, and cut up all sorts of capers. The coach performed so many evolutions that I, in fear of my life, abandoned it, and took to my heels, fully confident that I could make more progress in a straight line, with much less risk of breaking my neck."

(Continued on following page)

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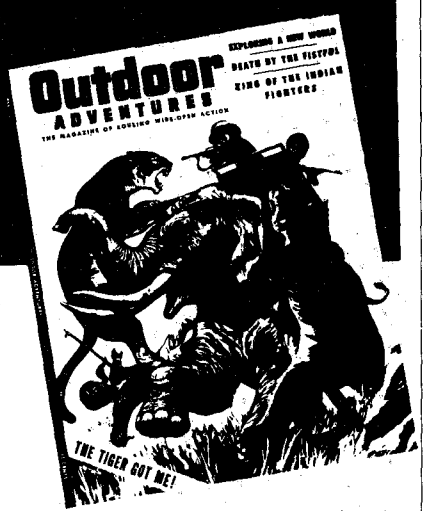

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The Longest Stage Route in the World

(Continued from preceding page)

When this first Butterfield stage was making its way through Arizona and California, the drivers followed trails that had been used before; so it was easier to keep to their schedule. Ormsby declared that the finest horses on the entire trip were used at the western end of the line. When the stage reached Warner's Ranch, the young reporter felt he was really getting back to civilization. During the short stop in Los Angeles, he was impressed by the "fine buildings" and the "thrifty and business-like character of the city"; also he praised the luscious grapes then ripening in the vineyards.

There was some fast driving on the way north, and the reporter was very happy that they got through without any accidents on the rough mountain roads. At Gilroy, San Jose, and San Francisco, Ormsby was flooded with questions about the details of this momentous journey.

After the initial runs, the Butterfield stages continued to run in both directions. This line was a success, in spite of great difficulties, because of the expert leadership of Butterfield and his able assistants. During the first year, the revenue from the mail itself amounted to only $27,000; however, the company had been guaranteed an annual subsidy of $300,000 for semi-monthly service and up to $600,000 on a semi-weekly basis. Naturally there were many complaints about the high cost, but some editors praised the work of the line, and emphasized the fact that the southern route was suitable for all-year-round use. Politicians realized the need for closer communication with California, even though the cost was high. For, on the West Coast, there had been rumors of revolt, with some talk of setting up an independent government, to be called the Pacific Republic.

INDIANS soon began to give the Overland stages trouble; some stations were attacked and the attendants killed, the horses stolen. Sometimes the Apaches held up the stages and demanded the bags of corn which they knew were carried. The Cherokees, amazed at the coaches, called John Butterfield "The Great Father of the Swift Wagon." Weather caused difficulties, too, especially when windstorms raged over the deserts, or heavy rains descended and changed dry river beds to raging torrents. The coaches often had to make their slow way through hub-deep sands.

In spite of such obstacles, the stage line gained in popularity; and, by 1860, was carrying more overland mail than the ocean steamers.

However, the Butterfield coaches were destined to operate only two years, for by March, 1861, seven Southern states had seceded. At once the Postmaster General ordered Route 12578 (the Butterfield line) discontinued; then plans were made to send the mail over a more northerly route. So it was the Civil War that stopped Butterfield's project.

But the romance connected with this great undertaking still continues to appeal to modern imaginations. At some places along the route remains can be seen today, even after almost a century. For example, just outside Fort Smith, Arkansas, a historical marker reminds us that here the two lines from Memphis and St. Louis met.

One of the best preserved mementos of the route is located fourteen miles northwest of Warner's Hot Springs, in Southern California—Oak Grove Station. "Its sturdy adobe walls sheathed with wood, nestling under huge oak trees, have defied the passage of years." When the passengers, weary after traveling over a thousand miles of desert sands, reached here, they found the greenery almost like paradise.

Although the Butterfield Overland Mail line was short-lived, it was one of the most successful and important achievements in our early transportation developments, and John Butterfield's name will always live as that of a man with vision who gave the public the longest stage line in the world.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

holiday season. Perhaps some reader of TRUE WEST can help make his wish come true.

Marshal Matt Dillon Identified

Gentlemen:

Just picked up a back issue of your magazine, turned to your "Truly Western" department, and smiled. There was a query from one of your readers, a Mr. Taylor of Parker Lake, Kentucky, as to Matt Dillon, U. S. Marshal. Mr. Taylor is undoubtedly referring to the Matt Dillon of C.B.S.'s radio and television program GUNSMOKE.

Well, Matt never lived, he's purely fictional. He never even had a name until my partner David Friedkin and I dreamed it and him up one afternoon at the request of the C.B.S. brass who wanted a marshal and and an "adult" Western series.

Thought you might like to know, even if the date is late—Morton Fine, 8822 Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.

Worker Among the Navajos

Dear Fred:

I have read all issues of TRUE WEST and think it a fine magazine. I wonder how and where you get all your excellent material. In case you have scouts afield gathering material, they will be passing up a good story if they do not contact Reverend Hugh Dixon Smith—better known as "Shine" Smith—at Tuba City, Arizona.

Shine has for many years worked diligently as a free-lance missionary to the Navajos. He is credited with bringing the Christmas Spirit to many of these people through a trading post operator asking him to take over the post one Christmas season while the trader went to his own home for the holiday. On short notice, Shine gathered what clothing, fruit, candy and gifts he could and took it to the post. The Indian grapevine spread the word that Shine was holding a party at the post on Christmas Day. More than fifty Navajos attended, and everybody had a grand time.

Since that first party, the attendance has grown to about 2,000 Indians each Christmas. Gifts of all kinds are given to the Navajos—gifts donated by kindly folks all over the United States. The parties are held at different posts each year.

Once, many years ago, Shine was lost in the vicinity of Monument Valley in

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northeast Arizona. He had released his pack horse and was near death when a Navajo came upon him. The Indian tied Shine in his saddle and took him to water ten miles away. Later, he took him to his hogan where the Indian's wife nursed Shine back to health.

Another time a drunken Indian was about to shoot Shine, but held his fire because he saw before him a man unafraid to die. "Why do you not fear death, white man?" asked the Indian. "I am a Christian," replied Shine. "I am not afraid to die, but I feel sorry for you if you commit this crime of murder." Shamed, the Indian put away his gun and called Shine "Brother."

A little publicity about this wonderful man in your magazine about Christmastime would help to promote the great work Shine Smith is doing for the underprivileged Navajos. Shine can make good use of anything your readers care to donate: used clothing, food, toys. Donations of cash would be used for needed medicines, etc. Address to Shine Smith, Tuba City, Arizona. I am sure that many TRUE WEST readers would be proud and glad to assist Shine in his work, which began away back in 1913—Harry Ferguson, R.D. 2, Gloversville, N.Y.

Who, US?

Dear Sir:

I read a letter printed in TRUE WEST and written by Mr. Charles Bell, of Louisville, Kentucky. Both Mr. Bell and you could be sued in Federal court, because neither of you know what you're talking about.

Mr. Bell's raving in his letter goes to prove how little he *does* know. Who does he think he is, butting into our family affairs?

My father is one of Jesse Woodson's sons, born on February 13, 1882, in Texas. Therefore, I am one of the grandsons. There are many more of us around the country.

Fellows like Mr. Bell evidently nose around busybody gossip, and don't know a thing about the Jameses.

Grandpa died in 1951, in Texas—B. D. James, Box 205, Rt. No. 2, Barber, Arkansas.

More on the James "Mystery"

To the Editors of TRUE WEST:

Having read your articles on "Jesse James," there are a few things I'd like to ask you. First of all, why don't you publish at least *some* of the truth?

I am not given to hero worship, as I am a woman 65 years of age and rather past that stage of my life. But I like to see justice done—especially when the one belittled is in his grave and cannot defend himself.

No one can convince me that Bob Ford shot Jesse James in St. Joseph, Missouri. I have very good proof that Jesse lived to a ripe old age and died in Granbury, Texas, in 1951. My "proof" might interest you.

My grandfather, an early settler in Western New York State, once hired a "saddle tramp" to help get in the crops. This man was a drinker, and soon opened up about himself in the local tavern. He boasted that he was a member of the James Gang, hiding out from a train robbery at Toledo, Ohio. His share of the loot was buried in a remote spot on my grandfather's farm—in thickly wooded timber-land where nobody but him could ever find it. Getting out of control, Kegmeyer (that was the

(Continued on following page)

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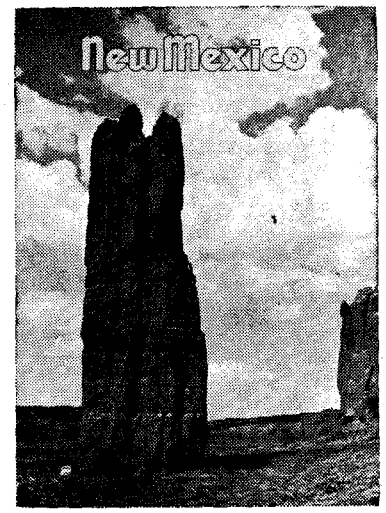

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

name he went by) was arrested and put in jail. That night Kegmeyer hung himself with his suspenders from a water pipe—and the treasure hunt was on! My grandfather's woods was overrun with these treasure hunters, and he never knew whether the money was ever found. The mystery still exists.

Now here's the rest of the story: Kegmeyer had his picture taken one day with a group of young farmers just a short time before he committed suicide. I still have this photo and I know for certain which is Kegmeyer.

Years passed, and I got to wondering if Kegmeyer had really told the truth. I determined to find out. With that still in mind, I came to California, to the San Fernando Valley, in 1942. In 1948 an oldster of about 100 who called himself Jesse James was living in Van Nuys, California. I decided to contact this man and ask him a few questions. I also wanted to show him that photo of Kegmeyer and observe his reaction to it.

Accordingly, I got in touch with Al Jennings, last of the famous oldtime train robbers. Al is 93, going strong and smart as a whip. In the past he had known both of the James Boys, Bill Doolin, Doc Holliday, Billy the Kid, and many others. He listened to my story, and said he would arrange a meeting with Jesse James.

And so I got to see the famous outlaw chief who was supposed to have been killed by Bob Ford at St. Joe, Missouri, way back in 1882!

He was, at that time, confined to his bed with a broken hip. His hair was snowy white and hung to his shoulders, but his eyes were clear as those of a hawk. He wore a Kentucky colonel goatee, and looked every inch an old Confederate general. (**Editor's Note:** The statement has been made at various times that Jesse James served in the Confederate army as a general.)

I told him my tale, and at once he asked to see the photo. At first he couldn't see it well, as he had no glasses. I had brought a strong reading glass along, and held it for him to look through. He looked at the photo through the glass—and pointed excitedly at Kegmeyer and exclaimed: "That's him! That's the damned varmint! I told him what to do and he never reported back to me."

I can truthfully say I never in my life ever saw this old man before that day. He was a complete stranger to me, as I was to him. He had never seen or heard of the photograph before in his life, yet unerringly he recognized the man who had been one of his henchmen. Do you need any further proof as to his identity? Remember—I was not alone in the room with him. Those who accompanied me are still living and will vouch for the truth of what I have told you. Furthermore, Jesse admitted the train robbery in Toledo (which is still on the records of the Canadian National Railroad). Jesse also told me if I ever got back East I should take a good Geiger counter and go over every inch of those woods, which are now a county park. He said that Kegmeyer could well have been telling the truth about burying the money there. The "take" had been $180,000, divided equally in three shares. Kegmeyer's share had amounted to $60,000. His two comrades in the hold-up are supposed to have taken their shares and fled back to their native Italy with them instead of reporting back to Jesse.

Aside from the above narrative, I'd like to add this as a purely personal observation: It is true that Jesse Woodson James may be rightfully blamed for a lot of things. Nevertheless, there are two sides to everything. For example: I know of two families in Oklahoma who told me that Jesse had saved their parents' and grandparents' little farms for them. Maybe Jesse James DID rob Peter to pay Paul. Well, plenty are robbing "Peter" to pay "Paul" today—with no intention of EVER paying Paul! They are doing it not with a horse and a sixgun, but with a fountain pen in a luxurious office. A toss-up as to which was worse, I'd say—Adell G. Solomon, 1711 Grismer Avenue, Burbank, California.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 43)

LONE-STAR LAND (Knopf, $5) by Frank Goodwyn is touted by the publisher as "an accurate, non-distorting mirror" of 20th Century Texas. Don't let that keep you from buying and reading this book. Frank Goodwyn, raised on the King Ranch, is a folklorist as well as a historian who knows full well that the present is deep-rooted in the past. For example, he has wisely included chapters on "The Longhorn" and "The Cowboy" in order that his readers will better understand some of the present-day ways of working cattle. This is a fascinating story, told by one who knows it well, about the people, the weather, the cities, oil, cattle, and politics—in fact, the whole complex of things and people that is Texas. It is illustrated with some wonderful photographs.

DISTINGUISHED REPRINTS

WE POINTED THEM NORTH (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75) by E. C. Abbott and Helena Huntington Smith is probably one of the most authentic and frankest accounts of the life of the early-day cowboy, both on and off the range. The chapter on Miles City would likely shock many present day residents of that once lusty cowtown.

Hastings House has just reissued two fine biographies at $4.50 each by Mari Sandoz. OLD JULES is the classic portrayal of the author's father—a tough, cantankerous Nebraska pioneer who feuded with everyone, particularly Sandhills cattlemen. This book, the 20th anniversary edition, is far too good to be listed as OP.

CRAZY HORSE, THE STRANGE MAN OF THE OGLALAS, which first appeared in 1942, is in its fourth edition, which is some indication of the public's acceptance of the story of an important, if little-known, American.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT McKIMIE, ALIAS "LITTLE REDDY" FROM TEXAS (Frontier Press, $1.50) by J. W. Bridwell, is a facsimile reprint, limited to 1,000 copies, of a rare book first issued at Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1878. Wright Howes in U.S.-IANA locates the only copy at Yale. McKimie was a stage robber and worse in the Black Hills but unlike so many of his kind, saved his ill-gotten gains, returned to his old home town in Ohio, married, and settled down as a dry goods merchant. Sheer coincidence seemed to be responsible for his unmasking. However, on being arrested, he reverted to type, escaped from jail, and resumed his career of crime.

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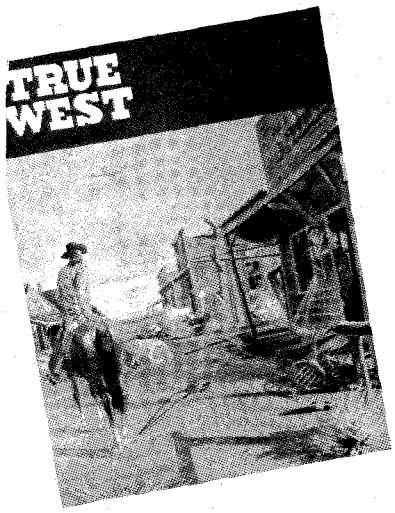

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